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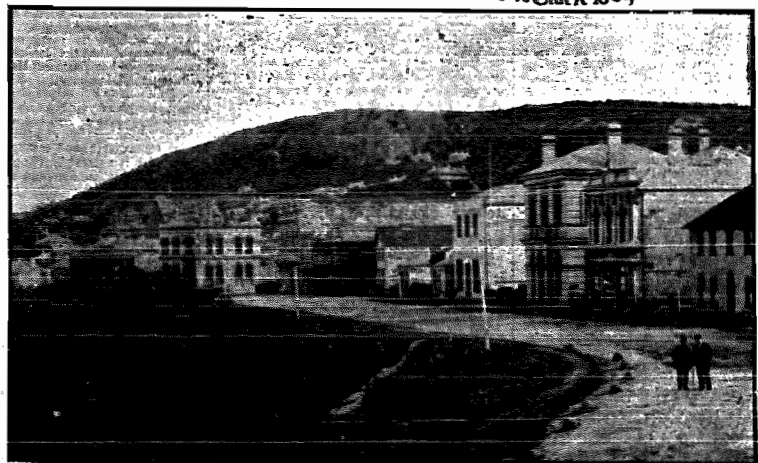
THE

 AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 43. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894. [HERBERT E. BOOTH, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



"The Black Boy"



Albany

SCENES IN
 Western Australia
 The Land of the Black
 (See Page 6) SWAN.

MASTERLY REVIEW BY THE GENERAL

PHENOMENAL FACTS AND FIGURES!

OUR PRINCIPLES HOLD THE FIELD!

The General's Address.

Addressing the Chairman, the General said: Dear Mr. Cory, I accept with satisfaction the kind testimony which you have publicly borne to my very imperfect efforts during the long years of our acquaintance. You, Sir, if anyone in this hall more than another, have had a personal knowledge of the "Inwards" of my life, and the operations of this Army from the very first hour of its conception; indeed, I believe our friendship goes back something like two or three years before the commencement of this movement. And you, Sir, too, have not only been intimately acquainted, but to some extent closely associated with me in my varied philanthropic and missionary efforts, and you have been all through these bygone years, what I feel confident you will continue to be to the end, one of my most generous supporters. (Applause.)

During those thirty years, with just one exception, which I hope you have regretted ever since, you have responded to every appeal for support I have made to you, for I have never asked you for any amount of money but you have cheerfully responded. (Applause.) In this, however, I cannot help but take unto myself some little credit for having been a wise beggar, as well as giving you the credit of being an affluent and generous giver.

Now, what shall I say to-night? I rise to my feet with a sense of difficulty. How can I address myself to this weighty and important theme, how can I during the short time available for my speech-making, attempt to describe the great work, now so rapidly developing and extending, which has resulted from the publication of my book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out?" Nevertheless, I must make the attempt.

There is, I believe, in many directions a desire to know more concerning the Scheme—(Hear, hear)—while in other cases there exists a considerable amount of ignorance. (Hear, hear.) Some even supposing that we have all but ceased to carry forward the movement in consequence of the falling off of funds or, at least, that we have greatly contracted our efforts, and done very little towards filling in the outline sketched in that volume.

I want to-night to produce a few simple statements that will go to show to reasonable men—for I speak as to wise men, and ask them to judge what I say—how far this plan has been carried out, and how far it is likely to be a benefit to the community.

It is well known that in the midst of the high civilisation and vaunted Christian sentiment of this country, we have dense masses of destitution, vice, and crime, capable of contemplating horrors and scenes of misery that appear to increase in number, and intensity in misery as the weeks and the months and years roll by. With these masses of suffering the Darkest England Scheme proposes to deal.

Facts Established.

I was accused, I remember, at the time of the publication of my book, of exaggeration in the statements made with regard to this destitution and this misery, although I can hardly understand how any description can be an exaggeration. I remarked then, you will remember, Sir, that the submerged, made up of the pauper, the vicious, and the criminal classes, together with those living on the fringe of this dark forest of vice, numbers something like three millions of persons. I have said since then, that, supposing that there might have been some exaggeration in these numbers—although I would be loath to admit that there were any mistake in this terrible figure, seeing that my calculations were carefully made, and were far below those given by great and reliable authorities at the time. But if we admit that there was some overstatement, let my friends who object, take off a million—it will still leave two millions, and if they take off a million more, it will still leave a million behind. But, according to the statistics published by Government, there are in this country nearly a million of paupers. We know that there are something like 130,000 criminals in prison and out of prison, although I cannot think it entirely impossible to make a correct estimate of the number of the sons and daughters of crime. They cannot be counted.

Then it is ridiculous to suppose that there are less than 100,000, nay, less than 200,000 poor girls who walk the streets, following the unwholesome trade that brings rottenness in the bones and mauling at the last, based

on Mr. Charles Booth's calculations there are something like a million of the tramp, loafer, and semi-criminal class, then there is the army of drunks and the still larger crowd who are ever alternating between poverty and want, who cannot be regarded as much less than a million more, so that altogether, I don't think the numbering comes about of the total I gave three years ago. Indeed, I think it is under rather than over the mark.

Anyhow, we have here a vast mass of our fellow-creatures whose anguish it is very difficult to gauge, whose misery it is impossible to count, and whose sorrows no poor words of mine can possibly describe.

Not an Army Procession.

I am always oppressed in writing or speaking of these destitute of this dark sea with the all but impossible task of making my readers or hearers realise the evils I try to describe. I was thinking the other day that if we could take this million of misery and form them into a procession, it would reach a distance of 400 miles, and if you added to it only a million of the other classes referred to your procession would reach a distance of not less than 800 miles, and this poor, bedraggled, dejected, broken-hearted, broken-bodied, broken-souled crowd would sweep, I think, something like four days and four nights, or even longer, in passing a given point. If we could march them up Oxford Street what a demonstration of starvation and neglect they would present, and what a further convincing demonstration they would present of the wretchedness existing in this great city could they all be gathered into Hyde Park, or some other open space, nay, not only of their own degradation, but of the neglect and selfishness of the wealthy community amongst whom they exist.

A Mass of Misery.

It was this mass of misery I looked upon and said that it was the evident duty of the nation to grapple with and remove, if there were any possibility of doing so. I said then, and repeat now, that the religion of the nation, the humanity of the nation, and the justice of the nation demanded that something extraordinary should be done to deliver these sufferers. I stated as plainly as I could what I thought should be done, and certainly an extraordinary amount of sympathy was evoked by that appeal; but, alas! the attention and interest only lasted for a little season. There was sufficient to encourage me to launch the Scheme, and to take upon me all the responsibilities, with which I have been largely left to struggle on alone. Nevertheless, we have gone forward, and by God's help, intend to do so. (Applause.)

Let me remark here that it was never my purpose, although I have been accused of doing so, to make the impression that nothing was being done on behalf of the crowds by other sympathisers and agencies.

The nation has in various ways acknowledged the existence of this misery and recognised its obligation to deal with it. Great things have been done. Strong efforts have been put forth in the direction of remedy. There has been a considerable amount of legislative action, although not too much. I think sometimes that these poor people ought to command more interest and more attention in our Legislature than is at present accorded them. It has become quite the fashion for every important interest to have its Parliamentary representation. There is the Home Rule party, and the Church Disestablishment party, and the Labor party.

The New Party Wanted.

I think it would not be unwise, if it were possible, about which I have considerable fears, to have a Starvation party. (Laughter and applause.) Where is the gentleman who would become the apostle of these perishing multitudes, and represent them in the House of Commons? Why not? (Hear, hear.) Such a gentleman would have a very numerous, if not a very influential, constituency. It would be something to stand up and say, "I represent three millions of Her Majesty's subjects, and I am going to battle on their behalf." As there are several members of Her Majesty's Legislature in this meeting I commend the suggestion to their consideration. (Laughter.)

A Memorable Reception.

There has not only been something done legislatively, but a great deal has been done ecclesiastically. Some of my friends, the clergy, were angry with me, saying that I did not sufficiently take into account the immense amount of church organization and

effort that was being put forth on behalf of these classes. Well, perhaps I may have been somewhat negligent in this respect? Perhaps it would have been better if I had given a larger recognition and commendation of the Church and Nonconformist agencies at work. The recognition was in my heart if not in my pen. Well, if it is not too late to make such recognition I make it to-night. (Applause.) But when I looked at the vast sea, when I saw the enormous crowds of miserable, wretched, we beggars characters, I felt as though with all our labor we had only touched the very edge of the great ocean. I put down my own and my comrades' little quota to this effort amongst the rest, and said we had done nothing compared with what was required to be done. Let us rise up and do it and that at once.

A Futile System.

There has been something done. An immense amount of money, by different agencies, and in different forms, has annually spent upon these classes, which, if it were totally up, would appear very considerable. The Poor Law System alone expends very nearly ten million pounds sterling per annum. The various organized charities spend something like ten millions more. In addition, there cannot be less than ten millions spent in private charity—that is, the amount contributed by individuals, the same given by friends and kindred to broken-down relatives and others, which do not, of course, come into any public calculation. If you put these sums together they will amount to something like thirty millions of money; then, if you go further, and include the cost of police, magistrates, and prisons, and other co-relative institutions, it will come to a mighty total. My contention is, that the whole of this sum, or very nearly the whole, is expended in unproductive and repulsive measures. And when you have spent the forty millions in 1894, you will, by the coming Christmas, have nearly as many poor creatures in the dark abyss as you had at the beginning of the year.

An Object-Lesson.

Now, in my Scheme I said that something was wanted beyond this, and I laid down principles which, if acted upon, methods which, if carried out, will not only ameliorate the misery for a season, but will, I believe, ultimately remove it. (Applause.) But let me say, I did not for a moment intend it to be understood that the £100,000 I asked for to float the Scheme, and the £300,000 per annum required for a series of years to maintain and extend it, was going to remove all the destitution, misery, and crime from this country. I simply meant to say, I will work out this Scheme before your eyes, I will make for you an object lesson which, if you will copy and work out on these lines, will drive pauperism and beggary from the land, reduce the vices of prostitution, gambling, and drunkenness to a minimum, and will greatly lessen, if it does not actually extirpate, the professional criminal community. That was my proposal. (Applause.)

There are certain philanthropic lines which, if travelled over, will give these results. I was confident about them then, and I am confident about them to-day. There is scarcely a sentence in that book which I would blot out if I had the chance to do so. There is not a promise in that book that I do not see quite possible of fulfillment. Of course, the

Scheme is yet in its infancy. Our difficulties have been very great: it has been met with an opposition of bitterness quite beyond my expectation. I forecast a very great deal, but I must say that the opposition of many who profess to be my fellow-Christians, and of a certain section of the Press, I did not foresee.

The Strange Attitude of the Press.

The bitter character of the latter I could neither anticipate nor understand, and really I do not understand it at the present hour. Any item of intelligence or any kind of announcement that appears to reflect unfavorably upon our operations has been eagerly taken up, magnified into a matter of national importance, and published through the land, and I have no doubt has, in numerous cases, had the effect of limiting the help on which I am necessarily compelled to rely. In every direction insinuations of the kindest kind, citing my integrity and sincerity into question, have been cast upon the undertaking and its management. A little time back, a newspaper of some considerable influence in the Metropolis, in commenting on the announcement of my Jubilee proposals, said that they thought a very proper presentation to General Booth would be the public and private management of the Scheme, sitting for something like twenty-five times in succession, sometimes as long as two or three hours at one time, seated by one of the first accountants of the City of London, and had announced in their report that the accounts of General Booth's Scheme had been kept, and its affairs had been conducted in an admirable and business-like manner. (Prolonged applause.)

We expect that the gentlemen who edited the Press, and who profess to be rather proud to be considered the fourth estate of the realm, to be acquainted with the subjects on which they write, especially when it concerns a Scheme like this, which is not a personal matter. I do not see how anyone can imagine that I have any personal aim or any thoughts of aggrandizement in what I am struggling, as Lord Bunsby has so kindly said, night and day necessarily to carry out. You would have thought that the leaders in this fourth estate would have said—"Here is an effort: if it is a mistake one is an honest one, and though we may not be prepared to endorse all the principles or approve all the methods on which it is to be carried out, we will say we give it breathing time and see how the matter comes forth, and do it honestly, and do it honestly." (Applause.) But, as I say, I cannot understand this action, and therefore I leave it.

The True Philanthropic Line.

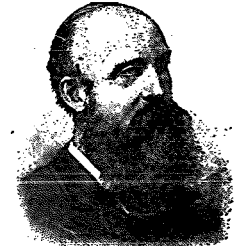
Now let us look at what was proposed to be done, and here I must reiterate that I did not propose, with this £100,000, to deliver the entire submerged classes, I did not desire to take exclusively under my wing the whole misfortunate of the country. (Turning to the chairman) I am not a fool, Sir. (Much laughter and applause.) As to the lines of action to which I have referred, I want to ask what those lines were, and so far as time will allow to produce at least a few figures to show how far we have made a beginning, and how far the Scheme is coming to all that ever it proposed or promised to do.

The principle and aim of the Scheme, as already intimated, is the permanent deliverance of some three millions of people. Of course, some amelioration there must be. You must help a certain portion who can now give nothing in return, or do anything towards the work of ameliorating themselves. And I say this rich nation ought to turn to the poor helpless folk, the aged people, the sick and the dying, the imbeciles and lunatics, and lend them a hand in maintaining a comfortable existence, and do it heartily, and without making them feel they are degraded or disgraced on that account.

But the permanent deliverance of every body deliverable from the sea of sorrow must be its business. In every penny you must, in every kindly hand you stretch out, you must make the man or woman upon the individual you are aiding, that it is possible for him to rise and get out of the abyss. Coax him to come out; try and create within him the desire to be emancipated from the degradation under which he is at present laboring. Make him determined on salvation. (Hear, hear.)



In Prison—Visiting Day.



RIGHT HON. EARL OF MEATH,
A sympathizer with the great Social Scheme.

Seek for the Lost.

In the second place, I said that any scheme to be permanently effective must seek out the suffering. Now, it occurs to me that the relation between the giver and the receiver in the work of mercy are very much strained at the present day. There is a sort of feeling abroad that every man wants to protect himself against the appeals for help that come from the beggar, the thief man, and the harlot woman. They seem to say when the winter comes, "Oh, now we shall have an army of poor, woe-begone, sin-stricken creatures attacking us!" There is a feeling existing, I fancy, something like the "habitués of a Russian town situated in the dense forest here, when the winter winds begin to blow, and the snow commences to descend, and the hungry wolves howl in the distance. They say, "Shut the gates, and look to the walls, and keep off these wolves."

To keep the approach of such state seems to say, on the approach of bad weather or bad times, "We are surrounded by packs of wolves. Look out, the paupers, the criminals and tramps will be in upon us!" They will come down from Tower Hill—from the East End and elsewhere. Naturally, they cannot say, "Your money or your life!" but they will say, "Your money or your patience!" Is it not so? Do not those who have nothing feel that those who have anything are their lawful prey, while those who have anything feel that they must protect themselves against those who have nothing?

Now, this feeling appears to me to be all wrong. Our Lord and Master intimated that if an ox had fallen into a pit it was the duty of somebody to haste away to pull it out. In our day if a man is in the pit the idea is to let him stop there. (Cheers.) If in this neighborhood, say a few miles away, a flock of sheep got into an old disused stone quarry, where they were dying of hunger and tearing each other in their efforts to escape, and with broken, bleeding limbs were bleating all through the long night, would not their cries of anguish harrow up the people who live near by? Would not the women say to their husbands, "Go and deliver those sheep, or let them out of their pain?" But here all around us is this London with all its wealth and luxury, its parties, its balls, its dancing, and singing, and gambling, with money flowing in boundless streams, with Jews Christ represented on every hand, are men and women and children, weeping, bleeding and cursing and cannot help themselves and cannot get on, dying of slow starvation; dying, not before our eyes—would to God they were, for then there would be some chance of improvement—but dying all the same. (Hear, hear.)

And Why Not?

Now, I say we want a system of things that will make us go and fetch these people out of this. Men travel far to find gold, to get furs, to gather diamonds, to search for costly treasures. Why should they not struggle to save men? (Applause.) The Lord says, "How much better is a man than sheep?" But in our day sheep have come to be considered of far more value than men. You can get something for a sheep, but nobody will give you anything for a man.

This must show a very deranged state of things. There must be great confusion somewhere. Something must be badly wrong. It must be rectified. We must find a way out and seek their rescue. Don't we do this when anything happens in a sensational manner? If there is a colliery explosion, man after man cheerfully. Do we not read in the newspapers how they stand in long lines at the pit mouth with their picks on their shoulders—the ordinary miners, the overseers, the engineers—ready to risk their lives and fight their way through the dark subterranean passages that they may find the few fellows overcome with noxious gases, and drag them to the top? And these rescuers are made the heroes of the people, and win the applause of every newspaper throughout the world. I want to know why should there be all this interest and anxiety about saving a dozen or twenty or forty people in peril and dying in a coal mine, while here are these thousands, say, hundreds of thousands, who are suffering of poverty and neglect; dying of broken hearts, dying to be damned, when they can be saved for this life, say, when, as we Salvationists believe, they can be saved for the life to come? I say, "Let us go for them." (Applause.)

Execution of the Necessary Machinery.
Now, we have endeavored to set upon this

this principle. We have done so to a certain extent. I beg that you will have patience with us. Our Scheme is only in its infancy—it is not yet four years old—and we had almost everything to learn in the way of methods and still and management. True, we had got to work upon the Women's Rescue side of things, and at the present time we are reaping the advantage of our past experience in that department. But with regard to the larger portion of our plans, we had our work to do, our plans to decide upon, our agents to create. Although we had the raw material—thank God, any quantity of it—at the same time we had to mould and fashion and to drill these workers. However, I think we have in this direction sunk some shafts down into these mines. We have fired our Food Depots and our Shelters throughout this city, and in some other cities. We have built, so to speak, our lifeboats and manned them, and they are going out into the storms picking up these poor, shipwrecked people, and, as I shall show before I sit down, bringing them safely to shore. (Applause.)

When you find these people, I contend that you must supply their immediate wants. We say a man has a right to live. I suppose no one here will be prepared to deny that proposition, even though his life may be of some little inconvenience to those around him. If everyone had to die whose life was an inconvenience to anybody else, we should soon all have to die to oblige one another. (Laughter.) And if a man has to live, then he has a right to those things which are necessary to keep him in existence—that is, he has a right to a sufficient amount of food and shelter to sustain him. Therefore, acting on that principle, we have gone to work to provide him with food. When you find a man half-drowned, you shake him into life, draw the water from him, pour the hot coffee into him;

clothing when in these desolate circumstances. We are acting on this principle. We have established eleven Cheap Food Depots, supplying sixty thousand meals per week. These meals are composed of the most wholesome food that we can get; the charges ranging from one farthing upwards. Although this is meant for children, for that small coin an adult can get that which will stave off the pangs of hunger. We have, since this Scheme was commenced, supplied no less than ten and a-half millions of cheap meals.

We have also, as is well known, large Steam operations. That is, we take a little cottage in the darkest and dimmest neighborhoods we can find, and there are some dark and dreary places in this luxurious city, and we have women, whom I believe Cardinal Manning described as "slum angels." (Applause.) In these dark slums we fix these "angels." During last year, I understand, they nursed three thousand sick people, besides going from house to house helping with domestic work, guiding and advising the mothers, healing the quarrels, and doing what they could to make this life a little smoother, as well as preparing the poor slummer for the better life which is to come. (Applause.)

Again, we have the Shelters, which are only a sort of humble home to which any poor shipwrecked man or woman may come and find refuge; for we have one for women in London, and are making arrangements to establish another.

Take, for instance, the Shelter in the Blackfriars Road. I suppose you would find eight hundred men gathered there to-night. The lowest charge is one penny. For this we provide a man with a comfortable, warm room, in which he can sit and sleep without being disturbed; with a piece of bread; with hot and cold water in which he can wash his shirt—if he has the good fortune to possess



RIGHT HON. LORD BRASSEY,
Ecologist the Social Scheme at the "Darkest England" Annual Meeting.

this!" I fancy I hear some one say. "It is all very well to tell us we can go to these people; but who's to pay the piper? Not everybody can put forth an appeal like General Booth and get thousands of pounds in reply." (Laughter.) I only wish I could; I hope to get something to-night, though! (Laughter.) Well, what is the cost? With regard to everything we are doing, the cost becomes less and less as time goes on. Don't go and compare the figures I am about to give with the balance-sheet of last year, because we are doing the work a little cheaper this year; and this time next year, wherever lives to read the report, I hope they will have to announce it has been done cheaper still. The feeding and sheltering of these millions is being done at the cost of something like £1,000 per annum. In other words, we take hold of seventeen poor, hungry, homeless people, and either feed or keep the whole seventeen for the cost of the Army of one penny. Seventeen men sheltered, washed, prayed with, sung to, warmed and fed for one penny, that is, in addition to the penny they pay themselves. Truly, I do not know how it can be done much cheaper than that! (Applause.)

The high rents and rates we have to pay for our buildings must be borne in mind. We have to take hold of any buildings we can get. A great deal has been said about landlordism; I wish something could be done to soften the hearts of landlords towards the Salvation Army! (Laughter.) But, in addition to rent, I do think it is rather hard lines to be forced to pay, as I believe we are doing at the present time, £1,000 in poor and other rates in London alone, when all the while we are doing the real work of the Poor Law Union. (Hear, hear.) Instead of taking £1,000 from us they ought to give £1,000 to us. (Applause.)

Another plank in my platform is that this Scheme should set before every man an opportunity of getting out of the dark sea. I do think we ought to do that, at the very least. Some folks, I know, say that these thieves will steal; these drunkards will get drunk; these loafers will be idle. Well, at any rate, there ought to be an open door for every man who wants to do better.

Heartless Conventional Classification.

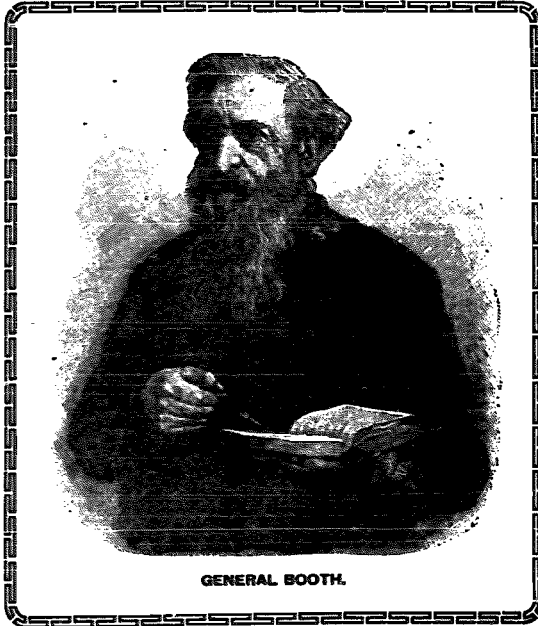
It seems to me that we go about making a wrong classification of the poor. What is the ordinary classification? We all know that for the purposes of relief the poor are divided into the deserving and the undeserving classes. They say that the deserving poor must be helped, the undeserving must not be helped, because you cannot do it effectively. They are beyond deliverance, and outside the pale of sympathy, on the ground of unworthiness. Of the former class it is said, "Let us enquire into the man's character; let us know what his habits are. Did he ever get drunk? or, did his father ever get drunk? or his grandfather ever commit himself?" (Laughter.) Is he an honest man?

I wouldn't like you to go and very particularly enquire about my grandfather. (Much laughter.) That is, if you are going to punish me for his sins, or judge my character by his. I wouldn't like to go very carefully to my own history, if you are going right away back, for one of the first recollections of my early days is getting up "so early in the morning," and going up stairs in my night-gown to get some tea out of a cupboard in an attic to carry to my sisters. (Loud laughter.)

They say, "The deserving and the undeserving poor." No, I say your classification is wrong. Let us have a classification that speaks on this wise: "Help those who want to be helped, and never mind what their past has been." (Applause.) A man comes and says, "Oh, organization, oh, authority, oh, minister, help me! Have mercy upon me, a miserable creature!" They say, "No, we cannot have mercy on you, because you are a miserable sinner; we would have mercy on you if you had been a proper, decent saint!" (Laughter.)

That is wrong! No harlot, no thief, no poor lost creature ought in this great city, to stretch out their hands and say they want to be good—they know they have been bad, and brought this misery on themselves—without giving them a chance of deliverance. (Enthusiastic and hearty approval.) If other organizations have their hands upon these; if other charities close their doors upon them, the Salvation Army door is wide open. (Applause.)

If I had time I think I could show you how little this opportunity is possessed; how, in



GENERAL BOOTH.

and when you have nursed him back to life, you begin to consider what must be done with and for him to maintain him in existence. I contend that we are doing that as far as our capital will allow. Our scale is limited, but the nation ought to do it for the entire population. She ought not to allow any criminal to die if he brings (Applause.) This obligation will be admitted to apply individually to every person in this hall. If this very night your servant were to announce that a poor, strange, woe-begone man had staggered to your door, and was sitting on the pavement outside your house, groaning as if likely to die before many minutes had passed by, I am sure that you would have some careful enquiries made. I fancy the mistress would make you go and look, whether you wanted to do so or not. (Laughter.) And if you could manage to get to bed without doing so, I very much question whether the wife, not to mention you, would get any sleep. "You must go and see to that poor man on the pavement, or else I will go for a divorce to-morrow morning!" (Laughter.)

The Duty of Society.

And if it be the duty of the individual it must be the duty of society. Society stands, so to speak, in the place of a father to its people. The father must look not only after the well-to-do members of the family, but the weakly members as well; the feelings of a father or mother would not permit them to leave out the feeble and suffering. Society ought to set the father's part, and there ought to be a sort of Father's House in every township and in every city, where poor creatures can go and obtain food, shelter and

one—(Laughter)—and with family prayer and salvation songs—(Hear, hear)—together with such kindly counsel and advice as he may need. If he wants to do something better, he can rise and be passed from thence to our factories, and onwards and upwards, and never come back again to these depths of misery. (Applause.) No less than 4,160 persons sleep in our Shelters every night; and from the commencement three millions have slept there.



JOHN CORY, Esq., J.P.,
Chairman of the Annual Meeting of the Social Scheme in the Queen's Hall, London.

Who Pays the Piper?

"Let us hear something about the cost of

Secondly, we have raised about half the staff required and asked it on the Colony. The surplus we have had to sell in to buy the other half we required. Of course there are some things which we could not grow. For some things, our Colonists are not all good Salvationists like some of you, therefore they will have to buy some of these. We don't grow tobacco. Our Salvationists like a good cup of tea. We don't grow tea. And so with clothing and other things. Therefore, supposing that we had displaced some immediately around us with our own money, we have bought

others at a distance by consuming the goods produced or manufactured by them, and thereby balanced the matter so far as the working classes are concerned.

(The General had not time to give the clenching answer that he usually furnishes on this score: namely, that when once his Col. Over-Sea is fairly at work he will be able to remove from the over-crowded labor market a larger number of individuals than the other parts of his Scheme are likely to introduce to it.)

In the third place they say that we have interfered with the market by means of our cheap labor. But our labor is not cheap. Everybody who knows it, we know here, we know so well with the unskilled labor which costs nearly 10s. a week per man, especially when we could get the skilled agricultural labor, as you know, for 10s., 12s., and 14s. a week.

They further say, "You get your capital for nothing." Alas, we get some capital, but we get it out of the pockets of the capitalists, and spend it for the benefit of the poor. (Loud applause.) If all the farms and factories in this England of ours were worked on the same principle as this H. Heigh Farm, what would happen? The capitalists would work the factory, while the workers would work the machinery, do the cultivation, share the profits, and own the land, together with all the improvements, and as the result, poverty would be at an end.

There have been passed through the Farm 1,275 men. Of these, sixty-five per cent have been hopeful cases; thirty-six per cent returned to friends; 297 have been sent to situations; twenty have emigrated; twenty-eight have enlisted in H.M. Army; 510 have left with situations in view; and six others were otherwise satisfactory cases. Considering that the thing is only in its infancy, I don't think that is a bad record.

The Great Question of Finance.

What has been done with the money? Thrown into an Essex swamp. (Laughter.) That is the idea you get from the statements freely circulated by some authorities. Let me give you the truth. We received of the amount promised, £112,408, and have had in donations since January 1900, making a total of £161,668. We have spent £219,688, consequently there is a debt upon the Darkest England Scheme of £58,000. We have also received £68,000 for Rescue; but I separate the Rescue figures from these.

We have spent in capital account £150,000, and in working account £69,688. Scheme, £69,688, making a total of £219,688. Now, £150,000 of this large sum of money has been spent in capital account; in other words, we have made a railway—a Darkest England railway. We have also the plant and machinery, we have the white and fruit orchards that have cost £60,000 more to prepare and plant. There have not been sold or eaten; they are there. (Cheers.) The £50,000 has been spent in three and a-half years, making this Scheme, in the Food and Shelter and other branches of the work, and in the carrying out of the operations of the Scheme generally, and it is not a great deal of money when the results are taken into consideration. (Cheers.)

There is just one word I would like to say about the trustee question. "Why don't you have a trustee?" I am asked, and I sometimes feel like saying, "How can I give you a trustee?" Well, now, I have said again and again what my position is. Such is the character of the Army and the Scheme, the nature of our toil, and such are our arrangements, that it would not be wise to place ourselves under the control of any individual, not knowing how far the trustee might go out towards our peculiar methods and enterprise. All our friends, and nearly every one who understands the matter, are satisfied with our arrangements. I think it could prove to any gentleman on this platform who understood accounts and I suppose they all do—that the trustee arrangements would render it all but impossible for any legal plan to be constructed to make our funds more secure to the purposes for which they have been contributed than they are at the present time. But, as I have said before, I am perfectly prepared to take a Government official trusteeship. The appointment of such an official, I believe, born on the Board for a long time, and whenever the Government appoint such a trustee I will take him as trustee for the Salvation Army.

What about the Over-Sea Colony? I have said on my country—I have said upon the land which I think is suitable—but I want to know what the response to my present appeal will be. I have selected the land—I have said question as to that—and now all I ask for is the money to carry out the Over-Sea Colony part of my enterprise into effect. With the heavy liabilities at present resting upon me, no real friend of the movement would ask me to go further into debt. I cannot do that. When the money is furnished I will proceed as quickly as possible to complete this work. (Applause.)

Honor, accept Christ as your Saviour. God himself offers His only Son to you just now. Rise Him, say, with both hands and all your heart; take Christ, the Father's precious gift.

The Grass-before-Meat Borne are filling with the far-away Gippeland Lakes, although it is no easy matter to find out where the falls live in rock scattered districts.

The States Greet Canada.

Pembina, N.D., Invaded—Three Days' Camp—The City Welcomes the Salvation Army—A Kind Mayor—Grand Army Bravadoes—Enthusiastic Salvationists—Stars and Stripes—A Saved Frenchman—A Model Circle.

BY MAJOR READ.

We have always surmised the idea that some day we should be privileged to spend a few days in Salvation warfare on American soil. At last expectation bloomed into realization, and, be it understood, we have spent three of the happiest days of our whole Salvation Army experience, in a small city of North Dakota, called Pembina. Embarras, the centre of one of our Circle Cross lines, the boundary line. Around it, chiefly in North Dakota, are several flourishing brigades, the whole forming a model circle.

These Dakota farmers make good Salvationists, and Captain Bailey has the honor to lead them on to glorious victory and success.

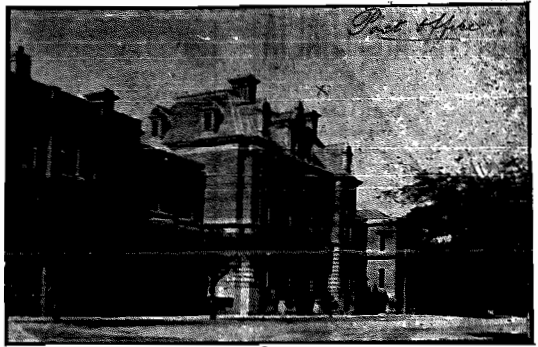
Pembina is a sweet rural city. The Army have not yet been bombed. In the heart of the town is a beautiful grove, with platform fitted up—a regular paradise. Gladly did the Pembinites loan this park to us, and great excitement prevailed when these Americans found that the Salvation Army were coming.

Of course, we don't go back on Canada, and we do prize the Maple Leaf; but we felt a little proud to march behind that attractive cross and stripes, kindly loaned to us by kind friends. Then the kindness was rewarded, and the expressions of good-will on all hands, made us feel like—well, a certain Canadian Staff officer has been to make certain statements about a transfer to the—!!! But, putting all these things aside, certain it is that we had a loyal United States reception all round.

For some months the townfolk had been baring for water. At last a flow had been struck, but, oh, the disappointment! It was most salty. Salvationists brought living, clear, spiritual water with them, which flowed freely and made glad the city of Pembina. Courtesy and a certain amount of reserve was shown on Saturday night. They had never been in close contact with the S. A. and did not understand us, but this shyness disappeared on Sunday, and dense crowds flocked to every meeting. Happy farming Salvationists drove in from all parts, and it literally astonished the Pembinites folk to see sixty Salvationists march up and down the street, dressed in bright red, blue, and yellow. What wonderful crowds stood round us in the square! How they listened to the heart-telling words of "Happy Bill" and "Lively Joe." Bill had "bounced" in that very town, but now he was changed. Joe, too, captivated the crowd by his quaint, original way of giving out the Gospel.

What strange coincidences happen in K. A. warfare! Mr. Full, our host, an old resident of Charlestown, F. R. L., is well acquainted with our former N. E. Secretary, Captain V. Just. This naturally called up old memories. Quickly did Mrs. Full produce the portrait of Captain Just as he appeared in early days. Then the Methodist minister wanted to know how long it was since we left Newfoundland, telling us that his home was in Carleton Place. Moore is this gentleman's name, and he knows full well what the Labrador mission work is like, having had practical experience. He mentioned the names of Best, Bedford, and others with whom he was acquainted. Such circumstances make this world feel small.

Sunday was a triumph day all through. Many of the dark soldiers had never before taken part in an Army march, as their respective brigades are so small. They were completely captivated with the Little Army drill which we had.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, Perth, Western Australia.

Five dear people came to the platform in the halcyon meeting and cried for deliverance and one sister sought mercy at night. Splendid fire with offerings were given, one open-air covered giving over \$5.

Eagerly and intently the crowds hung upon Mrs. Read's words during her Bible readings, and their joy seemed full when some of the soldiers danced before God—and they do dance in the States.

NOTES.

Pembina is a little town ripe for the formation of a corps.

These dear Dakota soldiers only want to know the Salvation Army, and they will be second to none in loyalty and devotion.

A friend kindly gave us all the milk we needed, and our waste were supplied on this line.

Emerson, although commercially dead, still can boast of a few lively, happy Salvationists, and Brother and Sister Christie are still practical friends.

The Grand Army boys enjoyed the meetings.

The Mayor proposed a vote of thanks to the S. A. after the Sunday's meetings, saying how the whole city had enjoyed and profited by the meetings.

God bless the folks who loaned us the chairs and richly reward the lumber merchant who let us have all the lumber we needed.

The saved Frenchman was all there. He was a professional drinker, and swearer, and tea drinker, but "Me good man now," said he. The folks believe in him, too.

God bless Pembina! This city Deserve a good Salvation Army corps.

Twined.—It has been some time since you have heard from Twined; but we still live to praise the God we love. Considering the warm weather, we are having very good crowds and some blessed meetings. We had a visit from Emma Wiseman, who is doing all he can to help and cheer us up. We can say, "God bless our District Officer," there have not been any held for about three years! The children are delighted. About twenty-five were with us on Sunday. Three little girls out of that number walked over six miles. Their mother was a faithful soldier, but she said good-bye to them a month ago to be with Joan. The children are trying to fill their mother's place. God bless the little ones, we mean to do all we can to help them. —Lieutenant Memon and Captain Towhila.

The Winnipeg Band in Jail.

BY MR. MAJOR READ.

For once the band boys looked very serious. Their usually bright faces wore expressions of sympathy for their unfortunate brothers incarcerated behind gloomy prison walls.

They had marched from the camp grounds after knee-drill Sunday morning to try by the strains of sweet music to cheer the long, un-coupled hours.

The Prisoner's Sabbath.

With several other comrades we had filed into the jail and surrounded the cells of the poor men waiting eagerly for us.

The Army is warmly welcomed and appreciated by the officials and prisoners of Portage Jail.

The efforts of the local Salvationists have been much blessed, and more than one to day can date the commencement of a "new life" to the time when

The Story of Emancipation

through the "power of the Cross," was told by soldier or officer in this prison.

The band played several selections, which were eagerly listened to by the men.

Brother Johnny and Sister Habbirk sang, "Hide me in the cleft of the Rock."

also Bandmaster Cantion sang and spoke.

Testimonies were given by a good number of bandmen, soldiers, and officers. A few verses from "The Word" and we have a prayer meeting.

More than one was in tears before we left.

That Cage-like Prison

and stepped out into the clear, beautiful sunlight.

Never did we realize how sweet is freedom than as we stood in the bright morning light—contrasting as it did with the darkness and gloom left behind—and listened to the strains of "Home, sweet home."

Never was band music more appreciated than by those whose sin has shut all music out of their own lives. Poor souls! We do thank God for a salvation that "opens the prison house of sin" and "proclaims liberty to the captive," and the "opening of the prison to them that are bound."

May the Winnipeg band go on and scatter light, life, and

Music in the Dark Places

and hearts that are burdened and sad. God has blessed their efforts in the past, and of all our blessed meetings in the camp, we consider the one in the prison not the least interesting and profitable.

May the dear Lord bless the prisoners and save every one.

Paris.—

With sword and shield we go to fight
The devil and his demons;
Though strong and mighty are their hosts,
A band will make them run.

We are only a handful here compared with the numbers that fight against us, but, nevertheless, we have the Service with us. Who never yet lost a battle, and with His help we are able to scatter the foe. We are having good times spiritually. Crowds inside small; open-air good; marches large and lively. We are bent on victory. —W. M. McLAUGHLIN, S. C.

Truro, N.S.—We are still pressing on and fighting away under our great Commander, sure of having the victory if we put our trust in Him. On Monday, July 2nd, our officers and ten soldiers went to Spring Hill to meet Emma Creighton, who was having some special meetings. We had a grand time, and returned Tuesday evening. Lieutenant Fugh, Eastern Provincial agent for the Grace-before-Meat boxes, was with us for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and succeeded in giving out a large number of these boxes. —R. H. FARRER, S. C.



A STREET SCENE IN FREMANTLE, Western Australia.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA



AUSTRALIA, that is, Western Australia, was originally known as "The Swan River Settlement." It occupies the whole of the western part of that great continent. We read that though the largest in extent it has been the slowest in growth. The vegetation is matchless in luxuriant abundance. It is asserted by some that the most beautiful sight to be found in the whole world is an Australian forest with the first morning sun adiant through the leaves of the trees. The native trees are chiefly evergreen and very peculiar, such as the lofty, leather-leaved gum and the cassowary. In West Australia there are forests of Kurl, a gum tree, which rival in height the great trees of California, and of the jarrah, one of the most durable woods, both of which are serviceable in shipbuilding.

The surface of Western Australia is diversified by extensive forests of these two trees, and sandal wood, tracts of fertile land, and tracts of scrub. The climate is healthy and temperate. Near the coast are low mountains, extending inland about 300 miles.

BY SEAFY-CAPTAIN MURPHY, D. O. FOR WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

It is now two and a-half years since the blood-and-fire flag was planted in the Land of the Black Swan. As a rule, it is expected the Army will have a good start, and for a time, will "catch on," but wait until two years are over and then see where they are, our critics say.

I must admit, after closely examining our forces, we are on the advance as well as concentrating our forces. Your genial Editor has asked for a small account of West Australia, but I ought to have put that at the head of this report. The population of the whole of the Colony is just 80,000, all scattered

Round the Sea Coast,

the interior to a great measure is still unexplored.

Thousands have been added to the population within the last two years, and it is still increasing. The great gold rush is mostly accountable for this.

We have over 500 soldiers amongst eleven corps, and have just opened Ome, on the Murchison gold field, which makes us the twelfth corps. Independent now of the Great North-West every town of any size and importance is open to the capital of the Colony and also the centre of S. A. operations. We have over 130 soldiers and a splendid brass band. Fremantle comes next; this is the port of the Colony, and the second important town; then York, a thriving agricultural town, and others.

We are now beginning to be

Recognized by the Government

of the country, the Premier, Sir John Forrest, having just granted us allotments of land in all towns where there is Government land available, and has also granted us a license to marry. The Marriage Act is the same as exists in England. You can imagine then how strange it will sound in an S. A. barracks when the Captain is giving his announcements to publish the banns of marriage, giving out the names of the contracting parties.

They are beginning to see the results of the Army's operations. Only this week

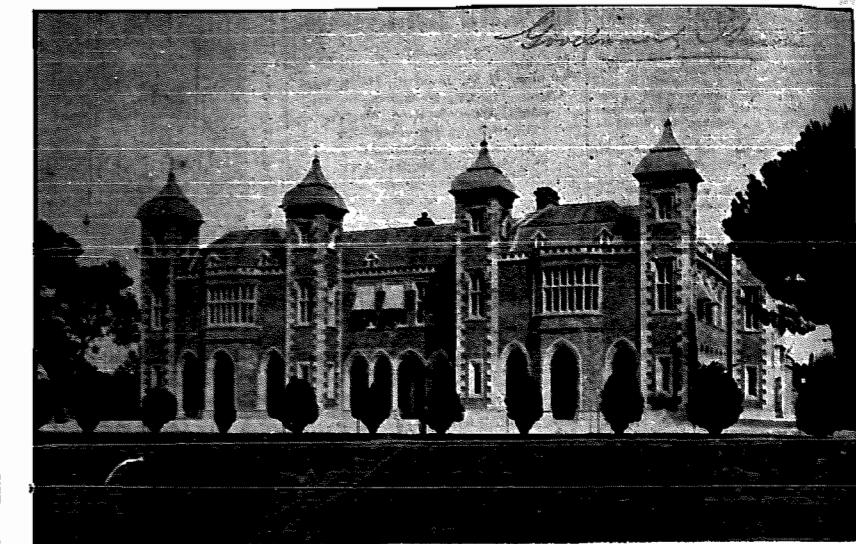
The Colonial Secretary

wrote me a note, saying how much he appreciated the Army's efforts, and how much good we had done, and deserved to be supported, backing this up with a £10 cheque, all unasked.

There is a great rush at present to the Yilgarn gold fields, of which Coolgardie is the centre. A few months ago two men out prospecting, came upon some rich gold, pegged it out immediately, and found on digging down, a reef over five feet across, full of gold. It has since produced thousands of ozs. I had the pleasure of going down some three months ago. It was a magnificent sight; the whole face of the reef

Fairly Studded with Gold.

Immediately on the discovery being made



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Perth, Western Australia.

known a rush set in, until in Coolgardie alone there are at present 6,000 men, and prospecting parties out in every direction. Owing to the want of rain there is almost a food and water famine. The road from Southern Cross being almost closed for the want of water.

Some six months ago we sent two lads up to open fire, and God has blessed us right along. They put up a

Post and Canvas Barracks,

which is utterly incapable of accommodating the crowds that come along.

We were the first church on the field. I recently visited this field, and did the 600 miles by buggy, sleeping out at night. It was with the utmost difficulty we could get a drink for our horses and ourselves, and we arrived at Coolgardie thirsty and very much dirty. A grand series of meetings, however, counterbalanced the difficulties, and souls were saved. Hundreds clamored for admission. They are the

Jolliest and Most Generous

crowd you could meet. There is a grand future before the Colony, and I'm sure God will help us to keep pace with it.

HALLELUJAH!

TURN—Ours Jordan.

As we daily go about

There are many can't make out
When they hear our brothers about

Hallelujah!

'Tis because we have a joy
That the devil can't destroy.

And we're in the Lord's employ,
Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
'Tis a note of joyful praise
That we to our Saviour raise;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
We will praise Him all our days,
Hallelujah!

'Tis a word of hope and cheer,
When the way doth dark appear,
'Tis a word I like to hear,
Hallelujah!
When I'm weary in the fray,
I get helped along the way
When I hear some Christian say,
Hallelujah!

It will make your burden light,
It will cheer you in the fight
If you shout with all your might,
Hallelujah!
Don't be frightened, let it out,
It will drive away your doubt,
If in mighty faith you shout,
Hallelujah!

When we're done with earthly things,
And we meet the King of Kings,
Then we'll altogether sing,
Hallelujah!
And throughout eternity
This our grateful song will be,
That our Jesus made us free,
Hallelujah!

Central Ontario Province.

The last time I sent any notes to the CAV I had no idea my next would be from the Provisional Headquarters, but such is the life of a Salvationist, you know not what a day or hour may bring forth.

I have got well in harness, taking my place by the side of the Brigadier. Although I must confess I am almost unequal to the task of filling the place of a man like Staff-Captain Jenner, however I'll do my best and the Lord will help.

My first Sunday was spent with the Lippincott brothers. A good day's fighting, some grand open-air, and a splendid wind-up at night.

Monday finds me at Dovercourt, where I find things are preparing very nicely, also a sin corps of soldiers. Two different open-air meetings were held, then a good time inside, winding up with a third meeting in the open-air.

Tuesday I accompanied the Brigadier to Yorkville, where he spent a night in explaining to the soldiers what the life of a Salvationist should be.

I put in a public meeting at this place on the Thursday, and right glad I was to see some of the old comrades of the days of yore. This was the second time I have had an opportunity of being at this corps since I left for the field some eight years ago.

Lieutenant God accompanied me and said good-bye to old friends, previous to his departure for Markham, he having been Sergt. Major of this corps for some years.

Captain and Mrs. Garrett have done a good work here, and go to their new appointment full of faith for victory.

I was glad to run down to Richmond Street for the holiness meeting on Friday night, and also to meet an old comrade-in-arms, Captain Savage. He and his wife have had a stiff pull at Richmond Street, but God has helped them to conquer. They are now after the devil might and main at the Temple.

These three days' meetings at Orlia were times of blessing all around, but as the Brigadier has already reported these, I pass on.

On the night of my visit to West Toronto Junction I was assisted by Essie Wood, of the U.S.A. We had a good open air, but very few turned up for the inside meeting. However, we went in, and the Lord blessed us.

Sunday, July 8th, I went over to an old battle-ground, Oakville.

Captain Wiseman and the test brigade had already been there a week and all hands had made up their minds the last Sunday should be the best. We had a right down good day, and a young man came and gave himself to God.

Mr. Turner put in Sunday at Brampton, and reports a day of victory.

Monday, a council for field officers of the city was held at Linger Garrison. In the absence of the Brigadier I was requested to take charge. We sang and prayed and God came very near to us, and blessed and helped and cheered us on the way.

At night the ice cream and cake was well patronized. Then a united jubilee meeting in the tent brought blessing to many souls.

The Garrison ladies were all dressed up in Hindu costumes, and also a number of the Linger soldiers, which made quite a stir outside and in. The different city officers all had a pitch in, and nearly every officer and cadet indulged in a regular hallelujah dance. God bless Essie Frith, Captain Wale and the Linger ladies.

Tuesday I dropped over to Hamilton for the opening of the Camp Meetings in that city.

Captain Frink, in the absence of Esig Aikenhead, had things well in hand, and our first night's camp up on top of the mountain was a real success. I stayed here over the Wednesday and we had two good meetings, although a thunderstorm somewhat interrupted us in our night meeting.

The Hamilton camp is destined to be a good success, and I've no doubt will be made a blessing to the city.

Captain Green has taken charge of the campers and tents, and now the devil may look out all round the Province.

More again.

Esig Tuxen.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

This time our visit was to the General Hospital. We carried 100 WAR CRYS with us, which was not nearly enough for the many who wanted them. Some were very much disappointed when they saw our papers were all gone.

We had the pleasure of reading and praying with quite a number. One man, who was much concerned about his soul, begged me to tell the Army people to pray for him. He feels he can never be forgiven till he is willing to forgive someone who he considers has wronged him. His heart seems very hard.

Another, a heart-backslider, who is finding the backslider's way a very hard one, promised to return home.

A young man laid aside with disease in many months is now rejoicing in home. He was much cheered and helped through a little conversation and prayer; and his affliction had been a great blessing to his soul.

A dear old lady was just longing to depart and be with Jesus, waiting for the Master's call.

Some we visited welcomed us gladly, and seemed greatly blessed and cheered. One old man who saw us come in thought the time very long till we came to him with the CRY.

Some we had seen in their beds on our last visit, and had gone to their eternal reward.

We could not help thinking that in the midst of life we are in death, and the great need of being ready to meet God; and with a prayer that God would make the War Cry a blessing to each and all, we made our way out.

A LEAGUE OF MERCY SISTER.

It is hoped by Commissioner Estill that the Army will be able to open Homes in Port Elizabeth and Maritzburg, from the presence of the "Grace-before-Meat" movement just started in that colony.

Mrs. Major Harding, Secretary to Mrs. Booth for Plovidilly Work, in reviewing the work done, stated that since Mrs. Booth's organized attack on Plovidilly command, 214 nights had been spent on the streets, 1,350 girls had been personally dealt with in these midnight efforts, that 80 cases had been resolved; besides many who had been assisted, 10 had been given work, 9 had been sent home to friends.

How They Die.

MARTIN LUTHER.

In all his attacks of illness, Luther displayed unwavering faith in God, and submission to His will. Once when apparently in *extremis*, he began to pray thus: "Dear Heavenly Father, if Thou wilt that this shall be my last hour on earth, Thy grace will be done." He continued, with uplifted eyes and deep devotion, to recite the Lord's Prayer, and the fifty-first and sixth Psalms. Shortly after he began again to pray, and said: "Lord God, who art dear to my heart, Thou knowest how cheerfully I would have shed my blood for the sake of Thy Word; but I am not worthy of the honor, and Thy will be done. If Thou pleasest I will cheerfully die. Only let Thy holy name be glorified, whether I live or die. But Lord, if it were possible, I would desire to live longer, only for the sake of Thy holy order of monks. But if the hour has come, do as it seems right in Thy sight; for Thou art the Lord, one in life and death. Thou hast led me into the cause of the Reformation; Thou knowest it is Thy word and truth. Do not suffer the enemies to rejoice, so that they should triumphantly ask of us, 'Where is their God?' But glorify Thy holy name to the confusion and shame of the opponents of Thy saving truth. Oh, my blessed Lord Jesus, Thou hast graciously vouchsafed to me a knowledge of Thy most holy name. Thou knowest that I believe in Thee, together with the Father and the Spirit, as one true God, and I comfort myself with the precious doctrine that Thou art our Mediator and Redeemer, who hast shed Thy blood for our sins. Stand by me in this trying hour, and uphold me with Thy Holy Spirit."

He was born and baptized at Eisenach, and here, on the 17th February, he was seized with his fatal illness. He had written a few days before with cheerfulness in prospect of returning home, and had even asked Philip Melancthon to come to meet him. But he soon found that the attack was a serious one, and he prepared for its being mortal. On the 18th he said to Dr. Jonas:

"Oh, how ill I feel; I believe I shall remain here at Eisenach, where I was born and baptized."

To which Dr. Jonas, and Ambrose the sexton, replied:

"Oh, reverent father! God, our Heavenly Father, will afford help, through Christ, when you have prayed."

Then he, without assistance or support, passed through the chamber into the little room, repeating these words: "In manus tuas, Domine, Deus veritatis" (Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth). It is not necessary to repeat all the details of these painful last hours; but amidst much bodily suffering and oppression, the spirit of the dying saint was supported by faith in his God and Saviour. Many precious things he said, and among them this prayer or meditation was taken down by some who heard it:

"Oh, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; Thou God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, and whom I have loved and preached, and confessed. I pray Thee, my Lord, Jesus Christ, receive my soul into Thy care. O Heavenly Father, although I must leave this body and be taken away from this life, I nevertheless know assuredly that I shall be with Thee for ever, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands."

He afterwards said:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him might not perish, but have eternal life." And he added the words from the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Our God is the God of salvation, and God the Lord delivers from death."

The last utterance heard from his lips was in response to the question put to him in a loud voice by Dr. Jonas: "Reverend father, do you die in firm adherence to Christ, and the doctrine you have preached?" He answered, so as to be heard by all who were standing round, "Yes, yes!" Now, long after he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord; February 18, 1546 Anno Mactis 63.

"The men who follow Christ are the real regenerators of mankind. In spite of the poverty of their education, it is such men as compose the Salvation Army who are uplifting mankind."—Missionary Tetsu, Yokohama (Japan).



REV. H. R. HAWES.

This meeting is the most interesting I have attended for a long time. I believe, if I live to the age of Methuselah, I should never attend a more inspiring gathering. I believe in General Booth. (Cheers.) I am not a rich man, but I have ordered my banker for three years to pay a little sum into the account of the Social Scheme. (Hear, hear.) I advise everybody who has got a bank to do the same, and everybody who has not a bank to do double. What General Booth wants is not brains, because he is not a fool. (Laughter.) He is not wanting in fellow-workers, but he wants money, and he must have money; he will have money, and we, if we are not fools ourselves generally, will be willing to give money for good purposes, when we know that that money will go to those good purposes. (Cheers.) I know some time ago people used to ask me, "Do you, as a clergyman of the Church of England, believe in conversions by drums and trumpets?" I said, "If you cannot convert people in any other way, I would convert them with drums and trumpets rather than not convert them at all." (Cheers.) But it is not the drums and trumpets that convert people. (Cheers.) The drums are sounded to show people where they may get conversion, to cheer them on, and to show them that there is a great battle to be fought, and that they may not die in the ranks, but live and conquer in the ranks. (Cheers.)

As I listened to General Booth one thing came upon me intensely, and that was his exceeding Christ-like spirit. (Cheers.) What struck me from the very first and drew me to General Booth and his agencies—for I have frequented these agencies ever since I have inspected General Booth. (The General: "Here he is again!")—was, if he had done nothing else for Darker England than shed that bright ray upon it, he would have done more than many hundreds in the Church of England. We do not

believe too much in human nature. General Booth has told us that no man is so low but that he can be lifted up. (Applause.) There is no need for anyone to despair. That is the message of hope we all want. We want to be reminded that God Almighty has made us so well that with all his wickedness man cannot efface that Divine image. (Cheers.) There is something Divine about a man that you cannot destroy, and it is for the General's teachers to go and speak to the angel in the man and in the woman, and go on speaking, and singing, and praising till out of the depths that angelic voice makes a sublime rejoinder. (Cheers.) There is one other thing I would like to call your attention to, and that is the way in which the General has rubbed it into the rich man and the capitalist. (Cheers.) What strikes every thoughtful mind and every feeling heart is the great gap between the rich and the poor—the rich growing richer, and the poor growing poorer—and the great dark, hideous gulf fixed between them. The General has reminded wealth of its responsibilities. He is looking forward to the time of which Tennyson speaks—

"When wealth no more shall rest in rounded heaps,
But, smit with fear, shall slowly melt
In every crevice of human brotherhood;
And light increase, not man be like a man
Through all the seasons of the golden year."

(Applause.) And if there is one note of comfort, and joy, and aspiration with which I would desire to close my seconding the vote of thanks to the worthy and good man who sits in the chair—(Cheers)—on behalf of a worthy and great cause, I would lift my feeble voice in these sublime lines, which will go home to the heart of General Booth;

"Ring in the valiant man, and free
The larger heart—aye, the larger heart—the knitter
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

(Applause.)

GO THROUGH;

The Grace of Endurance.

Looking through my conscience, and noting the different passages of God's Word speaking of endurance, I was led to think of the beautiful as well as important trait in the character of the Christian and soldier.

We do not find it mentioned in the fruits of the Spirit; it seems a combination of many. It is that which enables us to go on and go through under all circumstances, strength of character and of soul even in weakness of body, love which "breatheth all things," faith which holds us, saying, "I will not let Thee go. Loyalty to God, conscience, and principle, patience, long-suffering; all these, and much more."

It is not generally looked upon as a talent, yet truly it is one which we should covet above all others; it seems the pivot of all the rest.

People to whom God has given other talents of song, speech, personal influence, education, etc., all illuminated and intensified by the gift of His Spirit, can and do in the past accomplish mighty things in His cause. Doubtless every dear War Cry reader can if they let memory do its work, recall those whom God had wonderfully gifted, and who became in His hands powers for good. Many now in heaven, and others living for God in our ranks and elsewhere, who were their spiritual children, yet and to my after having preached to others, and turn others to God, they themselves have become cast-aways, through falling in the grace of endurance, forgetting the Apostle Paul's injunction: "Having done all, to stand." I remember reading an account of a man who, some distance away from home on the

prairie, was overtaken in snow storm. He could not see where he was going, but he held on in the direction which he thought led homeward. The fight with the elements was hard and long, until at last, exhausted and despairing of ever reaching home, he lay down to die.

His friends, starting out after the storm, to search for him, found his dead body within a few rods of his own doorstep.

Oh, how much this is like cases we have known, of those who fought their way through many apparently insurmountable difficulties, and yet have given up discouraged at what the worst was over, and victory was just ahead.

May God help each of us, not only to go on, but go through! I not only endure, but endure to the end. VERTUE JOSE.

(Witness, Thursday, July 12, 1894.)

THE "ARMY" WAS IN THE RIGHT.

A SALVATION SOLDIER ARRESTED BY A CONSTABLE.

THE REAL OFFENDER ALLOWED TO ESCAPE BY THE POLICEMAN.

As the Salvation Army was marching on Dominion Day to the base which was to carry them on their excursion to Cushing's grove, a constable drove out from his stand near Place d'Armes Square and blocked the way.

At the first the men marching on the right side of the street, as enjoined upon processions by law, and, as to avoid the obstruction, they moved toward the left, they narrowly escaped being run into by an electric car coming from the rear.

They moved to the base which was their intended, knowing the law was on their side. The constable remained in the way, using abusive language, and when the bandmaster took the horse by the head to back it, he snatched him with his whip. The other carter followed, and a man of the Army named Ross was struck.

Valkert pulled his comrade Ross away from his assailant. Confusion ensued. A policeman appeared. The Salvationists demanded the arrest of the carter, but the officer chose to arrest Valkert.

The case came up yesterday before the Recorder and lasted till 6 p.m. The Recorder acquitted Valkert and ruled that processions had the right of way when parading the streets on the right side.

The Cloud of Estrangement.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, I am the Lord your God. After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwell, shall ye not do, and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do: neither shall ye walk in their ordinances. Ye shall do My judgments, and keep Mine ordinances, to walk therein. I am the Lord your God."—Leviticus xviii. 2-4.

Comrades, if we partake of the empty talk, the useless trifling, or the foolish mimicry of the ungodly, in order to show that we can have a good time without being

Bigoted Extremists.

we may please the world by our compromising spirit, but ere long we shall find for our sorrow that our joys become flat and stale.

Great laughter may reward our doings, yet there is no surer way to draw around us the dark, damp, and chill clouds of estrangement from God than to allow our thoughts to wander from the Cross to the gash, for of a world that is no friend grace. Under such circumstances power for successful warfare against the combined forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil, becomes enfeebled and dies.

Eloquence may indeed remain, great earnestness may still be exhibited, and we may seem to many to be at our best as we claim to be "more than ever" determined to push on the war.

But when the Holy Ghost whispers, "I am the Lord your God. After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwell, shall ye not do," etc., and conscience

Holds You in Suspense

as to the propriety of your deportment, then get away at once to the dread ancestral chamber of Him who "seeth not as man seeth."—1st Sam. xvi. 7.

Pray that the light may be brought to a focus upon your methods of glorifying God, even though discoveries may be made which will lead you to weep bitterly before all is again clear and joyous.

Dramatic piety embellished with art, embellished with elegance, and made attractive by the splendor of refined forms of worship, may yet be deceptive as acts of devotion. There may be more of poetry than of piety in the fascinating performance of the hour, and dependency exist as the natural offspring of our religious romance. Being heavily laden we sigh, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"—Job xxiii. 3. Be assured that until all our heart is right with God there can be no true enjoyment in His service.

We must "abstain from all appearance of evil." (1 Thess. v. 22.) We must be filled with the Holy Ghost. We need a heart in which the Godhead reigns supreme moment by moment, hour by hour, then by the grace of God we shall be strong in the Lord for His service, and by the power of His might we may expect to do exploits for Him. We shall know in fear; we shall exhibit a spiritual joy that is

Strong, Swift, Spontaneous.

and inspired by the Holy Ghost. Such manifestations of pure and holy joy make sinners tremble; it puts them in fear by reason of the contrast which exists between the sham and the reality, between pollution and purity.

It Makes Formalists Green.

and hypocrites desire deliverance from the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the jeopardy with which they live, from the death and hell which awaits the ungodly.

Then, let your joys be known! Clap your hands. Shake the glad timbrel. Tell of your sweet fellowship with God, of blissful communion of the soul's sense of nothingness when rapt and swallowed up in God. Oh, that will be a glad day when each of us experiences a transfiguration into the likeness of our Lord as He appeared to Moses and Elias, Peter and James, and John his brother, upon Mount Tabor (Matt. xviii. 2). Forbear, my comrades, let us now cease our earthly gifts, and still follow on to know the Lord.

ROBERT LAMON, Vancouver.



TORONTO, JULY 23, 1924.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, July 19, 1924.

BRITAIN'S SOCIAL ANNUAL

We give in this week's issue a full report of the General's masterly address at the Darkest England annual meeting in London. The effort is one fully worthy that huge gathering of people and the galaxy of Christian, philanthropic, and political giants whose presence on the platform of the Queen's Hall was the token of their sympathy with the magnificent effort being made for the submerged poor in connection with the Social scheme.

Thank God, the General had not to come forward with wails and excuses for failure, but with a story of triumphant success up to the limit of the money given—and more, for the General's great heart has sanctioned the expenditure of some fifty odd thousand pounds above what the British public has supplied. Success is written from end to end of the Social banner of the Army, and every flap of the Social wing makes a distinct mount upwards. Glory be to God. General! we Canadians unite our acclamations with that enthusiastic assembly who so loudly expressed their appreciation of the work done at the delivery of your annual address. God bless you and every work in the great Salvation Social Revolution. As for ourselves we cannot say:

"We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too."

We are obliged to confess we are rather short of all three, but we have a few Social developments to show you, General, when you come over to help us, on behalf of which we, as Canadian Salvationists, guess we deserve a few words of appreciation.

OUR SEEDLING.

The Co-operative Seedling which has just been dropped in our soil, and which by-the-by is another of the Commandant's new schemes, a vein hitherto untouched in the Salvation Army realm, is germinating. We hope next week to give our readers a descriptive and illustrated account of our charming Co-operative Store on Yonge Street, Toronto. We are but beginning this co-operative method of working; the blessing of God upon the same kind of common-sense plod that has produced such magnificent results in other departments of the Army's work will produce like successful results in this new branch. It's a seedling at present. Keep believing, brothers, the tree that is coming will shelter a good many folk beneath its ample branches. This is no prophecy, simply a calculation, built on the rule of "so much work so much result." The measure of success, we think, is in exact proportion to the measure of sanctified, well-directed effort. "Work" is the producer of wealth, and the Army takes no back place in the line of "work."

THE WORK.

In conclusion, we desire to specially address one class of readers, viz., that class who feel within them a Divine urging to "do the work of an evangelist."



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

London, 101 Queen Victoria Street, E. C.—Eve of the great C. P. demonstration. London invaded. Magnificent Salvation triumphs in every quarter of the vast metropolis.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Indian party at Graham. Deeply spiritual meetings. Thirteen captives.

Commissioner Riddell and Stockholm band at Woodgreen. Ten captives.

Commander Ballington Booth and American party at Congress Hall. March 355 strong. Proper Yankee meetings. Eighty-one captives at pensioner farm. \$115 collected.

Commissioner Combs, with Australian and African party at Camberwell. Fifteen hundred people in night congregation. Seventy captives.

Commissioner Ralston and German party at Great Western Hall, Marylebone. Rare day of salvation warfare. Nine captives. Brigade-Major Dhai and Orizant natives at Holloway. Twelve seekers for salvation and three very good cases for holiness.

Le Marchese and Commissioner Booth-Clibborn at Regent's Hall. Prayers, songs and testimonials in French, German and English were like the throwing of so many bombs among the crowd. Nine captives for salvation; several seekers for holiness. Major Thonger and Italians at Islington. Three souls at the mercy seat.

list," or otherwise help on the reply to their own oft-repeated petition, "Thy Kingdom come." Suffer us to speak to your conscience and judgment. Are you keeping rank with the footsteps of that Divine Being Who dwelleth with you, and whose monitions to duty you are so distinctly aware of? Our blessed Lord says, "The field is the world." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Are you fairly facing your responsibility in the matter of soul-saving? Are you availing yourself of the great opportunity for service that the Salvation Army presents? What proportion of the cause of your present comparative inaction is due to selfishness?

When your King said GO YE, did He mean anything? When your employer tells you to go and do some particular thing, do you dawdle about waiting some further command? Have you felt the command in your heart? Will you not obey? Alas, alas! how many there are like Brown who said, "Here am I, Lord, send Jones," when all the time that inward monitor is saying, "Thou art the man." Comrade, act, and act now. Every tick of the clock shortens your opportunity for work. We have this week an illustrated article from Western Australia, written by William Hunter, D. O., of that colony. A few years ago that bright young fellow was a miner, "digging dusky diamonds all the year around," as the old song puts it. He might have been "digging dusky diamonds" till now had he disobeyed God's plain command, and his influence would probably have extended as far as he carried his pick, but he availed himself of the pri-

Major Thit and Belgians at Nunhead. Fourteen captives.

Colonel Swinton and Swedish party at Battersea L. Twenty-four captives.

Colonel Oliphant and Dutch party at South Tottenham. Magnificent and successful time from the one hundred and fifty attendance knee-drill, to the dispersion at 10 p. m.

Colonel McKie, with the Jamaicans and Sweden, was at Woolwich. Forty for pardon and purity. A masterpiece wind-up at night.

Major Tom Hartman and Finnish officers at Upper Norwood. Two for salvation and one for holiness.

Colonel Bailey and the Moors at Chalk Farm. Twelve seekers. The Colonel conducted in characteristic and breezy Colonial style.

U. S. A., 111 Reade St., New York City.—Outrageous assaults are being made upon women-officers and soldiers in the streets of Buffalo, N. Y., while they attempt to hold open-air meetings. Although Mayor Bishop had given full permission for the open-air work the police made no attempt to prevent a breach of the peace.

Commander Ballington Booth, with his American troupe, did a week-end at Sheffield, on his way to the International Congress. 134 captives were made.

villages offered him by God in God's Army, and what is the result? He is to-day a leader of leaders, a bishop over Christ's flock, and I venture to say that no ten other religious leaders outside our own ranks, with the exception, perhaps, of the Roman Catholic priests, can influence the religious and moral life of that new colony as can Staff-Captain Hunter. We speak sober fact; we know what we affirm. Now, there is no reason whatever why a history similar to his should not be repeated in the case of many a young fellow who will read these lines. The question is, "Is your eye single? Do you want to glorify God? Do you want the biggest sphere for doing so?" If to these questions you can reply "Yes," we say, "Come on." Present yourself right away at the Army's gate. God bless you!

LOG OF THE C. P. CONTINGENT.



South Africa and Holland, etc., etc. Then we struck

The Gulf Stream and landed alongside our light little Newfoundland brother, and so heavy was the embrace that we emerged from its banks out into the cradle of the deep—two days behind and bubble burst—no C. P. for this crew.

Salvationists can carry disappointment as well as any people, so sturdy members descended into depths below deck to rum-

CONTENTS.

- 1—SCENE IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA—The Land of the Black Swam.
- 2—MASTERLY REVIEW BY THE GENERAL.
- 3—MASTERLY REVIEW BY THE GENERAL (continued)—Eight Hrs. East of Meath, General Booth, John C. P. Rev. Dr. Right Hon. Lord Mayor.
- 4—MASTERLY REVIEW BY THE GENERAL (continued).
- 5—THE STATES GRANTS CANADA. WINDING HAND IN JAIL.
- 6—WESTERN AUSTRALIA. CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. THE LEADER. MONTREAL.
- 7—HOW THEY DID. OUR PLATFORM. GO THROUGH; ON THE GRACE OF ENDURANCE. THE CLOUD OF ESTABLISHMENT.
- 8—LEADERS. COSMOPOLITAN BULLETINS. LOG OF THE C. P. CONTINGENT. GAZETTE.
- 9—TERRITORIAL TOPICS.
- 10—THE SCHEME FOR THE VANDOVER FORD AND SHELTER IN AN ASSURED SUCCESS. THE PHOTOGRAPHY. POTTERY'S DELUSION.
- 11—HARVEST HANDS WANTED. BARRISTERS AND CLERKS RAILWAY ACCIDENT. GOSH SCENE! WANTED IN ENGLAND. PEOPLE I HAVE MET.
- 12—CENTRAL PROVINCIAL PROVINCE. "WAR CRY" OFFICE TALK. MATRON OF THE BRICKER STREET HOME.
- 13—WANDERINGS IN WESTERN ONTARIO. A FEW WORDS OF TESTIMONY FROM Miss Lutz, WINDING.
- 14—ENGLISH TIERNEY, The Children's Friend, at A CANTILE END.
- 15—A THIRTY-SIXT CAMP AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. HONOR ROLL. LONG PRISON CONFINEMENT, ETC.
- 16—COMING EVENTS. SCENES FOR ALL MEETINGS.

inate on the wisdom of God, Who allows the

Dreaded Mal de Mer

to come thus far and no further.

Others with a fortitude worthy of their name walked the deep despite cold, damp, foggy outlook and rocking vessel. Vailed were the experiences, a book of 200 pages would not do justice to all, as we draw the curtain and pass on to the British land of old England, and from that land of

Salvationists' "Canaan"

we will no doubt send good tidings.

At present we salute one and all of our old Canads from Londonderry, the north-western town of green beautiful inland, and report ourselves as well saved, happy and contented, true to the old flag and ready to fight the devil and overcome through the Blood of the Lamb—"PROGAWATER."



GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

STAFF-CAPTAIN STREETFORD, Financial Secretary, promoted to MAJOR.

STAFF - CAPTAIN FRIEDRICH, Trade Secretary, promoted to MAJOR.

STAFF-CAPTAIN FREY, Commandant's Office, promoted to MAJOR.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENNETT, Social Secretary, promoted to MAJOR.

ADJUTANT McMILLAN, Social Reform, Toronto, promoted to STAFF-CAPTAIN.

BRIGADE-CAPTAIN GOODY, Northern District, Newfoundland, promoted to ENSIGN.

BRIGADE-CAPTAIN TILLEY, Eastern District, Newfoundland, promoted to ENSIGN.

BRIGADE-CAPTAIN FREEMAN, Trinity Bay District, promoted to ENSIGN.

HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, Ontario.

EXTREMELY INTERESTING!

See Next Week's "War Cry."

THE S. A. CO-OPERATIVE STORE AT TORONTO.

THE FOUR NEW CANADIAN MAGAZINES.

Harvest Hands Wanted.

Jesus wants workers. His loving heart yearns over the lost ones as it did long ago, and He is to-day saying, "Whom shall I send?" Will you not rise up and answer as one of old, "Here am I, send me?" It is recorded of Him that "When He saw the multitude He was moved with compassion, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," and in love and pity He said to those about Him, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would

Send Forth Laborers

into His harvest." And then in connection with these words, St. Luke tells us that he commissioned seventy of his soldiers to go forth two and two to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. They were to verify the words spoken by Habakkuk long before—"The just shall live by faith"—for they were to take no shoes, money, nor even raiment, and trust God to take care of them and supply their needs. If they had begun arguing, as perhaps you have done, about the future, they in all probability never would have started, but they looked to Jesus, His commands and His promises; and these were enough for them, and they went forth strong in the Lord.

What Are You Doing

to evangelize the world?

Is not the need in one sense greater than ever? Is it true that much has been done within this past quarter of a century to bring joy and gladness to many a heart that knew little but weariness and suffering; but oh, how much, how very much there remains to do!

It was computed some short time ago that there were upon the face of the earth 116 million Protestants, 190 million Roman Catholics, 54 million belonging to the Greek church, 170 million Mohammedans, 8 million Jews, and 856 million heathen. Think of it!

Is There Not a Need

workers? Is not the harvest plenteous? Why don't you ask God to fit you to become a reaper? If you don't know what to do, what channel to let your mind, and energy, and love run into, pray about it, sit at Jesus' feet until light comes.

Be definite. Come in faith, telling Him you long to work for Him, and He will give you the desire of your heart. Many and many of those sitting in darkness are longing for truth—longing for love, longing for freedom from sin; are groping in blindness and despair, and perhaps you are the very one that God calls to bring to them light and liberty. My brother, my sister,

If He Calls You, Go.

I met a missionary from South Africa not long ago, and he was telling us what an easy matter it was to get the ear of the people if only there was someone to speak to them. They would flock to hear about Jesus.

A good many of us have seen dusky Indian converts, who would put to the blush any Christian; and, many a Salvationist, their love was so deep, their devotion so great.

But then we can't all be missionaries? Yes, we can. We cannot all have the inestimable privilege of preaching deliverance to the captives abroad; but we can acquiesce in it to those at home. Do you say "How?" First by our life. The power of example is a very wonderful power. If you want to make people Christlike, be Christlike yourself. If you have the Spirit, you will bring forth His fruit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, and your life will tell on those about you.

There is something more than this wanted, though. Jesus was so beautiful in point of character, so holy, as devoted before He was

Anointed for Service

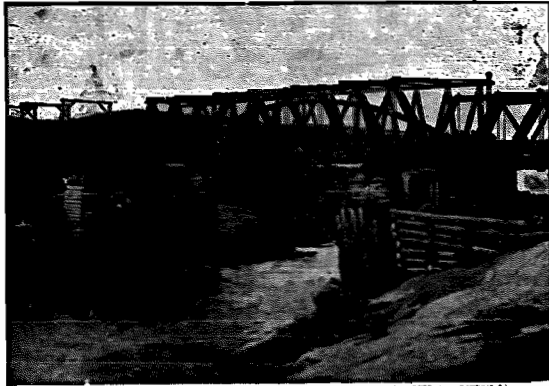
as He was after; but this anointing by the Spirit was to have been necessary, and if we have Him, that much more for us! We, too, must receive powers from above, spiritual power, not only to conquer sin, but to win souls.

Let us make up our minds here and now that

We Shall Be Sent-Workers:

otherwise, what are we? "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Hallelujah! We don't need much worldly wisdom, great ability, the power of oratory, nor any of these things to be successful. What we do need is the anointing of the Spirit,

Surrey, Albert Co., N.B.—Accompanying this is a brief account and photo of Salisbury & Henry Railway accident, thinking it would be of interest to WAR CRY readers.



The cars fell some thirty feet, and God only knew if we were to be seen alive again, but it has pleased Him to spare us all. One of the passengers and myself are the only ones completely laid by. From the effects of the ankle cord of my left leg being entirely cut off I am at the time of writing these few lines lying in bed, unable to do much of anything. One thing I do thank God for, that two of us, at least, were prepared to meet Him. Bless His dear name. Hoping and praying the accompanying photo and enclosed will be seen in the pages of the dear old WAR CRY, I am yours in the Salvation Army fight,

Candidate J. THEOPH. MCKAY.



P.S.—The incoming tide floated the cars about quarter of a mile up the river (see photo). I am at present at my home in above address. God bless and spread the war.

The bridge
It was not safe.
One oft would hear,
From lips that spoke too true;
But over it the iron horse
Her daily trips did go.
It was the fifth of June,
The year of '94,
The train was homeward bound and almost there,
So near, but yet so far.

The bridge—
Crack, crack, and down it went:
"Oh God, what is the fate?"
Some thirty feet did fall.
Eight previous sails, including all,
Were hurled down within
Death seemed so sure,
But, ah! 'tis true,
Almighty God was there.

Mersey,
Indeed, was shown to all.
And, oh!
Is it not quite enough
To move the hardest heart?
To thank and serve the God of love
We know not where,
And truth again speaks out
For in the midst of life
We may be found in death.

God
Sent His Son
For all mankind.
Oh, alms, hear the call.
This day's toll
God may not allow
To bring us to our home.
Then, one and all,
This side world's ever,
Prepare, prepare to meet your God.
Candidate McKay.

much love, genuine sympathy for those about us. Jesus will give us these if we ask Him. And then, whether in our own homes, or in a wider sphere, or it may be in foreign lands, we will find that service sweet, and that "THE JOY OF THE LORD" SHALL BE OUR STRENGTH.

ERIKIN GALE.

A JAMAICAN TESTIMONY.

"WHATEVER may be urged by the over sensitive in religious matters against the methods of the Salvation Army, there can be no question as to the fact that the institution is doing a great deal of good in our midst. This was exemplified to the satisfaction of a 'News Letter' reporter by a street incident that evidenced it more thoroughly than could any amount of written claims and statements."

On Sunday evening in one of our principal thoroughfares, he saw a decent looking black girl persecuted with the vilest of unprintable epithets and taunts by a couple of dirty, ill-smelling Jimmies. Swings, who kept pace with her for a distance of over a block. This because she "had done wrong" like the Salvation Army dem. Her past history was thrown in the teeth of the young girl, from which it appeared that the trio had been former

companions in vice. Thus taunted and raved at, and occasionally jostled too, she went on her way answering never a word until the wretched pair tired of their sport and left her.

Then the reporter had his innings, and the following conversation ensued:
Reporter—"I needn't advise you to 'don't mind those wretches, my girl! You do belong to the 'Army'?"

GIRL—"Oh, yes, sir, thank God."

R.—"I suppose this isn't the first time by a long chalk, that you have been molested?"

G.—"I'm quite used to it now, and I don't care. Jesus bore more than that for me!"

R.—"Is it all true what they said about you?"

G.—"Quite true. I was as bad as bad. I only wish I could be as good as I was bad. Even if I minded I couldn't answer them, because it's so true (with a hush in her voice). Good night, sir!"

And she darted round the corner into a lane.

It would certainly seem that an influence capable of producing such a result, cannot be without some substantial basis of good which commands public respect. Behold these Salvationists, how they love one another! Behold the working of their yeast! Verily by their fruits shall ye know them!"

God's Money Wasted in Smoke.

I wish to enter a strong protest against the useless, senseless, injurious habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. It is indeed a positive waste of the money entrusted to us by God. The wealthy man and the poor man are alike stewards. Whether we acknowledge it or not; whether our income be reckoned in pounds or pennies, all money belongs to God. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. (Haggai ii. 8.) And, remember, we shall give account of every single copper of our Lord's money.

Smokers, Chewers, Snuffers,

how will you like to stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ, and acknowledge that you have spent dollars and dollars on tobacco? You cannot possibly plead that it is even an innocent pleasure. Innocent! Why, tobacco is a strong poison, and you are injuring yourself continually by its use. Give it up, my friend. Do not allow a cloud of smoke to come between you and your Saviour. It may cost you a severe struggle—but, never mind—you can conquer every evil habit by putting your trust in Christ.

Many years ago, I saw in a religious periodical, a picture which impressed me very much as to the wastefulness of using tobacco. The picture represented a cosy office, or possibly library. In a luxurious-looking arm-chair, lounged a young man, puffing away at a cigar. He was in the prime of life, evidently about thirty or thirty-five years of age. In the clouds of smoke, curling over his head, was depicted

A Little Cottage.

The money he had wasted on tobacco would have bought that pretty home. Just such places are needed for our officers' quarters in small, country villages.

Oh, the sin, the wickedness of wasting money that might be turned to much good account in God's Salvation Army.

Smokers, you must shoulder the responsibility. You will be sorry enough for it one day, when too late to do differently. Give it up now in the strength of your Lord. Save the money, and buy a nice little cottage for Christ, in some country village, where there is a new or poor corps of our Army. Can you not hear, in imagination, the Salvation Captain shout? "Hallelujah, I can!"

"Are you still in doubt on the matter? Just look up in the face of Christ, and ask, as a child would, 'What shall I do, Lord?' He will tell you, obey His voice immediately, and the remembrance thereof will give you pleasure, both in time and eternity.

MARIA SIMPSON.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

I knew and lived beside one who with money he had saved for the future rainy day, starved herself till the insane asylum became her home.

I knew a young man; he started to serve God three years before I did. We fought together a while. He could not understand everything in the Bible, so he got confused and lost Jesus. He was as ignorant as ever. I trusted as a child and have had nearly all his questions answered by the experience I have had, and by revelation of God's word: unless we become as a little child we shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Some years ago I was with an officer whose—or like—gifts I very much coveted. He was a musician of about twenty instruments, a good singer and of good appearance, but, it was first the squeak of the violin, then the organ, then the cornet and so on, till he could not find time to feed his soul, consequently he starved his soldiers, failed in his corps, and is to-day a backslider and a hater of the Army.

I went down in the prayer-meeting and spoke to a young fellow. He came and cried for mercy. The next night he sang a solo. I looked on a poor, weak, insignificant lad, and longed for freedom like his. A month went on, and he had got souffed up that he could not be taught. There was a jar, he fell out, and is a backslider to-day. Nearly seven years have passed and God has kept me and given me freedom, and while I remain at His feet I shall always be kept.

F. M. R.

Do not sow your condemnation of men and things broadcast, individualize. It may not be so pleasant for you, but it will be far more effective than saying the masses or the classes are bad. Give names in terms. Right and wrong emanate from the individual, then go to the source—"thou art the man." JOHN C. RYAN.

CENTRAL PROVINCIAL PROVINCS.

Summer has brought its exceptional opportunities and privileges, and many of our comrades have been sharp enough to take advantage of this to carry the war right into the enemy's camp. In every place, in all kinds of weather, under all circumstances, there is a large percentage of people who never go to any religious meetings. Perhaps not so great in this country as in others, yet large enough. Street corner fighting, open-air battling, in just the kind of warfare to reach this class of people. May God anoint our comrades with holy oil and fiery baptism that will help them at every street corner and public park to hurl forth the Gospel shout!

Whilst tens of thousands of folks have been interested as to whether the *Britannia* or the *Vigilant* would first pass the winning buoy, our vigilantes have taken advantage of every wind to send along the Gospel ship. Grace and mercy from the Lord's mercies of time, and many a poor soul in the Central Province is to-day rejoicing that their barge has found the harbor of peace, whilst our other comrades have been able to join in the song—

"The heavenly palaces are blowing,
The clouds are flying;
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!"

The Brigadier has paid a visit to Ringwood, where, for four or five days, he rested with the worthy Secretary of the Stouffville corps, Brother Kemer. Perhaps his rest was a typical Salvation Army one. Being some distance from the city, on the Sunday morning he preached for the Menomites; on Sunday night drove out to give our Stouffville comrades a helping hand. On Wednesday, paid a visit to the Farm to transact business with our beloved Commandant, covering forty-five miles on the journey, and on Friday was back again at the desk.

We were glad to report progress during his absence. The worthy Kemer and his wife tripped around to make things hum. Captains Clark and Attwell had admirably worked to keep the pot boiling. Mrs. de Barritt paid a visit to Bowmanville and attended to things generally all round. So speeds the war, and the blessed chariot rolls along.

Newmarket and Aurora now comprise a circle corps. Captain and Mrs. Garrett walked sixty miles the last week to get things going. The horse, rig, and harness are on the way. One cottage meeting, between fifty and sixty people strove to enter, and we are all looking for news of a blessed revival in that corner of the Province. Lord, hasten the day!

Captain Edcombe has been away for a fortnight's rest, and now comes to do valiant work at Lippincott. May God help him, and may our Lippincott comrades who have fought many a hard fight for God and right, be helped and blessed during his command.

We are now fairly in the midst of our camp meetings. The one at Niagara is in full swing, whilst our comrades are just finishing up at Hamilton. Any of our Toronto comrades who are taking a holiday in August should hold their hand, make speedy application to the Brigadier for a tent and have a week's camping out on the outskirts of Toronto in that month of months. Showers of blessing for body and soul, mind and spirit.

One of the events of August will be the trip of the Toronto Salvationists to the Garden City of St. Catharines. A meeting at the public park, banquet and festival, and we are hoping to arrange to come home by moon light. Our comrades from all around St. Catharines will join us, and we ought to have a real blessed time in connection with this event.

Captain Frink is boldly holding the fort at Hamilton in the absence of the Ensign, and with Lieutenant Cowan as a right hand supporter, Hamilton, in spite of weather, hot or cold, is bound to make progress.

The Brigadier visited that place for Saturday and Sunday, and reports: "The camp meetings at Hamilton, so far, have been a blessed success. On Sunday, although both No. 1 and II barracks were open, the meetings at the tent in the afternoon and night were packed out; in fact, at night two separate meetings were held. The night description of the afternoon is certainly somewhat amusing. Right in the midst of the service a terrific gale broke out. 'To the ropes!' was the cry, and two or three stalwart brothers held every rope. The Brigadier went on with the meeting with an umbrella to shield him, and umbrellas were held over all the other places. Determined not to be blown out of the collection, this was taken, and right in the teeth of the storm served somewhat to assure the more frightened part of the community, who concluded there could not be anything very radically wrong if they tried time to take up a collection. As a matter of fact, however, it was quite a providence the whole tent did not collapse.

That was quite a happy bit at one of the meetings we lately attended. A Salvation Army roll-call we term it. Instead of answering one, two, three, four, five, as our soldiers and militia men do, each representing their number in the ranks, we had a roll-call based on the number of years he has been in God's service. It only takes one or two



It was the Commandant's desire some time ago to have a series of papers in the *Cry* on, "How they die."

We make great professions of the comfort of Christ's salvation in a dying hour. Now, let us have the witnesses to attest the truth of our professions.

Every precious, unwarmed one who reads the *WAR CRY*—and, thank God, there are many—has at some time to meet the Great Enemy, and we may hope that the description of "How they die," who have loved Jesus while in health and strength, will successfully appeal to many of them. We who have been called to the death-bed of a loved one, know that Christianity stands the supreme test. We have seen it as their tottering frames lit up with the great joy of the Lord—the wedding glory of the Lamb. We can truly say:

"Wide as the world is Thy command,
Wide as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy throne shall stand,
When rolling spheres have ceased to move."

The Rock remains fast to the last, but the ungodly are not so. Oh, that these death-scenes may be the means of bringing them to Him Who has the keys of Death. Will our "Canadian War Cry contributors" kindly remember this matter, and be ever watchful for facts of this description.

I say, contributors, please write on one side of the paper only, as plainly as possible: leave a good inch border all round, mark it "Press matter only," and a one cent stamp will be sufficient to bring it to the *WAR CRY* office. There are quite a few people besides you who have not observed the above simple rules, so I am sending them out broadcast.

London is highly privileged in getting Mrs. Booth's services for the opening of the New Citadel on July 29th and 30th.

Mrs. Booth visited a poor woman at Little York—a soldier. She is dying with cancer. She was very low and wanted to see Mrs. Booth. Of course Mrs. Booth went, and sang to her, and the sick woman clasped her hands all the time. She says, "All is well." She seems in a lovely spirit. All the members of the family are unconverted. Pray for her.

Every Captain should have a postcard between the leaves of his Bible, and on Sunday night, just after the last rebel has yielded, and while the Sergeant-Major is leading the hallelujah wind-up, the Captain should write a brief record of the past week's victories at his corps. The card should then be dropped in the post office ready to be handled by the post office authorities the first thing on Monday morning.

We beg to draw attention this week to some interesting notes and pictures sent the Canadian War Cry, by Staff-Captain Hunter, the vigorous and enterprising Divisional Officer of that far-away tract of country, known as Western Australia.

Last week, by a typographical accident, one ought too many slipped into the number of chicks under Captain Rock's care, making it read, "more than 500," instead of, "more than fifty."

We congratulate our comrades, Major Streeton, Major Friedrich, Major Fry, Major Burnett on their promotion.

Wanted a messenger-boy at Territorial Headquarters, Albert Street. Apply to Major Streeton, at once, personally if possible.

WANTED—A man to take charge of the Poultry Farm at the Salvation Army Farm proper. One who has had much experience preferred. Apply Commandant Doorn-Temple—Albert and James Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

minutes to get over the large platform. It becomes matters considerably, and is quite an interesting change. Just try it.

Another good plan is to divide the corps up in companies. Supposing you have fifty soldiers in a meeting, presents five Sergeants to be Captains on the spot, put them in charge of a brigade and let that brigade occupy the platform for ten minutes whilst the remaining six in the congregation. Then might follow the roll-call, and would make an interesting meeting.

Several candidates have lately sent in their applications. A welcome to those and many more! Will every officer immediately search out every likely person in their corps? Get them to pray over the needs of the poor world going to hell. Send their name along to the Provincial Headquarters, and so every officer will have in a more practical way, more active share in the salvation of souls. Some of our comrades who cannot offer for the field would be useful for Social Farm and Rescue work. Hurry up, one and all, who seek to have a hand in the salvation of precious souls.

Our Bowmanville comrades are rejoicing in the possession of their new week-night hall. Mrs. de Barritt opened, and dedicated to the salvation of souls, and reported it to be a great acquisition. May it be the birth-place of many precious souls!

Mrs. Ensign Dowell is bravely keeping the salvation craft, "The Bracebridge" right to the wind. She reports progress all round.

Our comrades at Perry Sound and in the districts are arranging for their trip on the first of August, at which Brigadier de Barritt will be present. God bless our comrades in the North.

Quite a number of cads have come into the girl's Garrison lately, and the cry will soon be, "Pull up." Already one more has had to be made into a larger house. Let us hope we shall soon have to have more number two. Will our girl cadets hurry up and avail themselves of the glorious blessed opportunity to be trained for God and the salvation of precious souls?

Our comrades at Markham have fitted out a larger and better hall. They have invited our Toronto officers and cadets to the dedication. All right, we will be along. A contingent of officers will be dropped at Markham as we pass through, thus leaving a long red line of salvation all along the way. Little York will also be attacked in the same fashion and the troops picked up as we return. For once, at any rate, the outcraunches of sin from Toronto to Markham will be attacked all along the line. Any handman wishing to go should see their commanding officer at once.

A Women's Demonstration, conducted by

Mrs. de Barritt, assisted by Mrs. Ensign Turner and all the women officers and soldiers in the city, is to be held at the Jubilee Hall. We anticipate a good gathering on the night. The brothers will have to take a back seat, if they get any seat at all. A mighty, blessed time may be looked forward to. Oh, every one that shirketh, come ye to the Women's Demonstration.

Captain Banks, of Oakawa, has got a salvation bee on. In fact, he has got all the fashion just now. Not the same kind of bee as that one of our late Training House boys had the other day, visiting the house of the worthy Secretary of Stouffville corps. He made such a furious onslaught on the red and black currents, that the bees literally came him to the house, and the last night we got of him, was on all fours he rushed into the woods, and declared he had had enough of bees for a long time to come. Still we have been of the right sort. Our comrades at Oakawa are rushing up their barracks.

Those at Bowmanville are about the field of the erection of their new hall. Our Toronto comrades have several times visited the Farm to give a helping hand there.

Ensign Arkett is now on the watch in the extreme alteration of his palace, which is yet in the incubator.

The Women's Garrison is going in her Salvation Army palaces, and all around there are signs of life activity and bloom.

Quite a number of our comrades have sent in interesting accounts of soul saved, and of all the encouraging news, this is the best of all. Send it along.

Believing for mighty victories still, believe me,
Yours affectionately,
ANNIE.

Vernon, B.C.—Thank God we are still alive and in good fighting trim. The battle hot, the conflict is fierce, the victory we're gaining, with Jesus our King. We are fighting away at the enemy's ranks, rebels are getting away from us, but we have them surrounded themselves to King Jesus.

Yesterday we had a beautiful day in one of our outposts. One sister came to the fountain and got put right. Good meetings both afternoon and night. God came very near, but some would yield. Our soldiers are of racing beautifully. We are going to do our best to send some to the battle's front. Keep believing—Lieutenant B. NORMAN, for Captain JARVIS.

St. Stephen, N.B.—Good-bye Captain Percy, we trust as you have left us here in St. Stephen, and gone in command, that Bridgetown shall feel your presence in a right down practical way. Well, we have welcomed your successor, whose name is going to get a name in St. Stephen, as he has from Newfoundland; the country of the seven-ocean people.

Woodstock.—I might also say that his last corps was Woodstock, N.B., where he has been nobly helping that man of our, Captain Jefferson; and, Mr. Editor, as the time was at hand when you desired my first batch of news, and had no more of that big old news, I had to stop in time, I thought the next best thing I could do was to pass on to the gentleman from Woodstock, and extract from him all the information we could gather, so the dialogue was as follows:

"How is Woodstock?"

"Oh, fine!"

"Any souls lately?"

"Oh, yes; we have had souls right along."

"This we thought was worth a 'Hallelujah,' so we let it go."

"You were not long at Woodstock, did you like it?"

"Oh, yes; the people are so kind, and the work ahead, that it makes you like it."

"Well, what about the new barracks, that important part of the Commandant's Jubilee Scheme?"

"Well, Brigadier Jacobs has just been there and brought the ground, and of course the barracks is now only a question of a short time. Fix a valley for Woodstock, N.B."

North Head, Grand Manan Island.—We have at the District centre been favored with a visit from Captain Hodgins, from Grand Manan Island. He was here, sir, as business, and has returned rather going.

Talking of the Woodstock barracks being a Jubilee Scheme, I might also say that the commandant of Grand Manan Island are also on the building line, and the ground is more than bought, too. Yes, the shingles are on, and Grand Manan soldiers hope soon to open their new barracks.

I might inform you, Mr. Editor, that this barracks is the

Fifty-First Scheme of the Commandant's Jubilee Program.

I have not been able to visit Grand Manan lately, but from what I can gather, Captain Hodgins and his warriors mean to be in things warm for the devil, and seek very diligently for the last sheep from the Serpent's fold.

Stratton.—Mrs. Ensign Turner came and helped us for a Saturday night and Sunday since last report. Most of our soldiers live some miles in the country, so cannot go in very often, but God is helping us to go forward. Meetings are very good at the place. No. 2 and 3. People listen well in the special. Captain THURTELL and Lieutenant FRANK.

Wanderings in Western Ontario.

BY BENJAMIN MARGNETT.

"What has become of the Western Ontario Provincial Secretary? Where are his notes?" do you ask? True, there has not much appeared in the columns of the CRY from his pen of late, but, thank God, he is not dead or dying, neither is he at a loss to find something to write about. Where shall he begin in his present difficulty. No apologies, here goes.

War is being waged, and a straight continuous line is being pressed forth into the coils of the foe. The D.O.s, F.O.s, L.O.s, etc. fresh from the great gatherings in Toronto, are diving, driving, and daring with the inspirations, inventions, and increased power they have received. "Up she has got to go," is the unanimous verdict of the West Ontario brigade.

Already there is a nervous restlessness about the Salvation kites "Victory," which for so long has been tied to the ground through lack of sufficient power to draw the stump and "let her go." By slow degrees, however, efforts are increasing, candidates are cropping up, and the time is not far distant when the stumps will give way, and the "Victory" kite will fly away in fine style. Keep believing.

The Provincial Secretary has been "on the go" a brief note about his wanderings.

Lassus has engraved a good deal of his time and attention. The Building Fund has yielded to the amount of \$240 to the result.

A week-end has been put in at Ingersoll in honor of their anniversary. Staff-Captain Collier and Eugene Gale assisted. Twelve souls sought salvation and sanctification as the result. A good show of open-air work was a happy feature of the campaign.

Half nights of prayer have been conducted at Chatham, Dresden, Essex, and Sarnia. A costly crowd of seakers for pardon and mercy has crowded the effort, but that is not all. It would take too long to tell of the visitations, inspirations, and blessings which were showered upon us, as before the Cross we both, into the face of our concurring Christ we looked, and into the red river of His precious blood. Well may "old Daddy" dip his hands, shout "Hallelujah," dance his jig, and carry on. It was quite excusable, for "Billy" to clench his fist, open his mouth with boundless air, and exclaim: "I was with a third shout, 'Glory to God! 'Glory to God!' while his feet went clatter-dance, something like the rattling of the sticks on the head of a mare drum.

Walsburg was called upon. Captain Leach delivered melodious, and the Brigade concertina made quite a sensation down the streets, and drew a good crowd, the first to the open-air meeting and then to the barns. The meeting inside was a proper one. There is a project on foot to fix the barns in a better location, which will mainly assist matters, or should do.

I have put a Sunday in at Windsor. We held our open-air at the Grand Hotel, and many down just received at the open-air. There is a fine open-air stand at Windsor. Some heavy fighting was done here. Two ministers for salvation. An old-time, tried-out, easy called the proceedings.

Mrs. Marggite, who has been poorly for so long, is on the up-grade, thank God! At the time of writing, she is specialising at Sarnia and Sarnia.

"The glorious twelfth" was put in at Wingham. Thousands of people thronged the streets. Into the routine, hot sun, of war, and turned on the Gospel gun, which kept firing till supper time, after which the feast was removed. One young fellow volunteered for God and got saved. God keep his train.

Now for London. London is to be located. Mrs. Booth is in the city on the 25th and 26th; Major Compila will accompany her. We shall have music and singing. If you want to have two treats in one meeting, come along to "O'Connell," "Farwell," and "Mr. John" at 10:00, "and over," and "WAR CRY." Either of these songs will be A 1; but Mrs. Booth will be A 1, and S. J. Now, we have a chance to get blessed and inspired. Everybody pray and believe for, and push the meetings.

But Mrs. Booth is not going to come with me, being London. She is down for Galt, 10th; Berlin, August 7th; Stratford, 10th; Stratford, 17th, and Petrolia, 19th. All hail. Now for a shaking up. Keep believing to see something happen.

Oh dear! I must have more. Why is it that it is so often necessary to go to the Lord, withdraw His Spirit, and let



ENSIGN LOWRY, Winnipeg.

A Few Words of Testimony.

"There are treasures in store down here for the cross-bearer and the whole-hearted. We are getting on nicely, souls right along. Our Camp Meetings were indescribably heavenly times! I positively got the glory in my feet. I ran down! This caused a sensation, but others followed until the whole platform, with few exceptions, were there as well. 'Praise God I am ready for anywhere. 'To the ends of the earth I will go.' My conscience does all lengths. I have always striven to do my best, but mine is so small. My one desire is to be all in private, as well as in public, to live Godly. 'I am sure you can become a power for God if you follow Jesus. Look to Jesus, learn of Him. Be humble and watchful. Temptations will come of a different nature, but grace is flowing to supply all our need. Don't look at difficulties or misunderstandings until they become mountains, but settle them at once. Get every shere-line out, every barrier cleared away. Don't let anything break the connection between your private communion with God. Live in the Spirit.'—Extract from a letter.

so many people go on their own resources, backslide, and miserably fail before they can be got to "obey His voice." Alas, alas! the scores we meet who are out-and-out backsliders from all other causes whatever: thus disobeying God's voice in refusing to apply either to become soldiers or officers. What about YOU, my comrade? What are you going to do? Shall you be lost because you would not obey? And the many souls you might win for the Master, what about these?

The Brigadier is down to visit Tillamook, July 25th, at the Simcoe, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, winding up the series with a half-night of prayer.

Bird Island Cove.—WAR CRYERS add out, converts becoming recruits, recruits turning into soldiers, soldiers getting more on fire. SUMMER MEETINGS very busy. One backslider returned to the fold, and thus the war proceeds.—Lieutenant THOMAS.

Trinity.—Although the devil is trying his best to pull us down. God is on our side. Sunday was the crowning time; we went in to defeat the devil. God came very near. At night two precious souls volunteered for salvation. God set them free; they arose to their feet, testifying that God had saved them.—Lieutenant MANNING, Cadet SURNAME.

Paris.—We have just closed another week with the glory bubbling over in our souls. God is helping us to make it hot for the devil.

There was a very and hot thing happened here on the 12th of July; one of our dear comrades lost his husband. He was taken from time into eternity in one moment. He was working in a saw mill, and was caught by a bolt and killed instantly. His wife and children desire the prayers of all comrades and friends to bear them up in this hour of trial.—Captain and Mrs. COCKBURN.

During the past three weeks I have had the blessed privilege of attending S. A. meetings in the village of Marmora. God has been working in the hearts of the people. Two dear brothers came out for the Lord and today are proper Salvationists.

A young lad who attended the meetings pretty regularly, while playing foot-ball, got hurt, and passed from time to eternity three days after. Comrades pray for his mother.—WENDIE KILLEN, J. S. S.

La Tette.—Captain Hopkins and his faithful little band are peering away. There are not any cyclones blowing round that way, but you can depend the devil does not have it all his own way. Captain Hopkins believes in visiting, and gets in his full time, or lets us know the reason why. Junior meetings have been started here, and bid fair to be successful.

We don't expect to get away from District Headquarters for some time to visit our comrades, but soul-saving and devil-driving is our motto all round.

With faith and fury,
ERNEST ANDREWS.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWSY NUGGETS.

SALVATION FLEET A REALITY.

Major Morris and Staff on Board the Fleet.

I have had no opportunity of reporting since my return from Council, as there has been no mail.

It was my privilege to have the company of some of the Canadian party going to the Congress, and it was enjoyed immensely. The day's journey from Montreal was just fine, although very hot, almost more than we could bear.

Brigadier Jacobs, although worn out by constant meetings, interviewed his District Officers, and seemed to be in a state of unusual vigor. The Salvation War had enveloped him right up, or to quote it right, "The road of God's house had eaten him up."

Mrs. Jacobs and Captain Galt were at the station at St. John, N.B., to meet me, all smiles. The meeting was too sacred for me to detail it. I found myself looking in quite an opposite direction than the way in which we were going.

An invitation was given us to proceed to the White House, which, for situation, comfort, convenience and economy, cannot be equaled in Canada as a Provincial Headquarters. I was prepared to meet a number of young Jacobites; but, oh, my! you would all just imagine that they were holding a Junior's meeting somewhere. When Brigadier was within hearing distance I seemed that every window and door was filled shouting "Hallelujah!" then the clamor to get to his back. We drew the veil over a heavenly scene.

Sunday we spent at Halifax with Captain McRae reviewing the Shelter. Captain was upon his high horse, believing this was to be a real meeting. It is not to the height, but every day the Salvation Harbor is growing more of a reality, and business is increasing. The needy are learning to use it, and its value is becoming more and more appreciated. The price also, have shaken hands with it, and is a real meeting. It is the time of day. I wish that they could have heard what the Chief Magistrate in Hamilton said about our work.

This is what we want, facts, facts, facts, new and old. Thank God, we have new ones. If people don't believe it, let them visit our Shelters in Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, or our eight Rescue Homes; one of them is St. John, Newfoundland, is progressing beautifully, and has now seven inmates; they have had nine in at one time.

Our trip across the Atlantic was quite an expense, and attended with quite an amount of danger. We steamed into a dense fog,

and remained there some twelve hours. The captain turned faithfully at his post, and keeping the lookout. You can imagine how dense it was, when right in the middle of the day, our steamer passed by two fishing schooners at anchor, with all hands on deck; we came very close to them. The men shouted and gesticulated to our captain, but he could not make out what they were saying, until the engines were stopped, and then the man on the lookout cried out, "There are breakers ahead." In a moment the high, rocky cliffs appeared, and we were within a ship's length of running ashore. Fortunately we stopped and listened to advice from the fishermen, who understood the coasts; we were pursuing was right ashore, and we were in danger of becoming a wreck. Our speed was such that our engines could be reversed, and our ship and ourselves at once got out of danger.

Our heart went out in love and gratitude to God for saving us from shipwreck near the barren coast. Only a few miles away, and only a few weeks before, a steamer had gone ashore, which had become a total wreck.

If sinners who would stop, who are as surely running headlong into danger and death, how many precious souls would be saved. Captain Jacobs, although commencing a large steamer, listened to some fishermen, whose position was far beneath his own, and by so doing, saved his ship and the passengers on board of her. God bless the fishermen.

Some little time after our ship was due, we passed by the large iceberg stranded near the "Narrows," and the pilot came on board, successfully piloting us through, and mooring us at the dock.

It was a most lovely sight just before we entered the harbor at daylight, to see hundreds of these tall ships of the deep plying their calling, their little craft cutting the waves, and bending to the water, skimming the white caps, bearing the fruits of their toil; others laying to at their traps, and others in search of fishing grounds, no doubt some of them with Salvation soldiers on board, who, while saving souls, are also saving their souls by introducing Christ to those who know Him not. Fire a volley for the Newfoundland fishermen.

Brigade-Captain Tilley and Captain Payne had been keeping watch on the wharf all the night and had given us up, and just returned home a little before we landed.

It was not so at the Provincial Headquarters. Captain Jett was at the top window as a sort of lookout, giving signals to Mrs. Morris, who was trying to match a short rest, being wearied out with watching for our return.

God's mercy reached us when we entered, and we had welcome visits from Field and Staff, almost before we could catch a little rest.

The word was "What kind of a time did you have at the Council?" and my answer to all "Blessed," in the extreme, excellent, simply grand, some of the best meetings ever held in Toronto."

Adjutant Smetton had come back to Grand Bank, but a letter had been left me requesting me to forward all particulars. I am, however, going to spend a whole week with him, so look out for some of the August 1st.

My welcome meetings were on Sunday at No. 10; four souls and a packed place. While writing this my eyes kept turning toward the window, watching for my new schooner to enter the "Narrows." I fully expect only one week will pass by before our Salvation fleet will leave for their summer's work on the coast of Labrador.

"The Salvationists" will leave with nine on board, five told off to preach and fish. Captain Tillie will be in charge, and will be saloon passengers, and Captain Gooby, from the Northern District, who has been head over ears involved in getting this Gospel ship fitted up, will return home in her, accompanied by no less a personage than my humble servant, Major Morris.

The sailing place will be Bonaville, where we will spend two or three days with the whole crew, opening the new harbors; after leaving there calling at three or four other stations.

The little "Glad Tidings" has been repaired, refitted, and Lieutenant Cooper declares that we shall not be able to take any advantage of her on the broad Atlantic. You talk about your steamers on the lakes and your lesser brass band in Ontario, but to see our Salvation fleet with colors flying and drum beating, majestically riding the blue sea after the winds of men, will be better than all. When we enter some of the harbors we shall cause, I believe, many tears to flow, and many a loving message will be sent to the fathers and sons on the coast of Labrador. I understand that some fifteen hundred souls have gone from one place alone, Bay Roberts, to fish the waters of the entire coast. All that we need to complete the work is our Commandant on the bridge giving the word "Let her go."

"MAJOR READ, speaking about the Portage la Prairie Camp meetings, said: "The whole city was interested in this gathering. A beautiful spirit prevailed amongst the troops, both local and those from other corps. Five soldiers drove eighty miles to the camp, turned their wagon into a dwelling house and sleeping place at night, and returned to their corps with holy zeal and love for souls.

ENSIGN TIERNEY,

The Children's Friend and Matron of the Bleeker Street Home for Canadian Waifs and Strays, interviewed. "Too busy to be homesome."

"Ensign Tierney, you are quite a veteran in the Army work?"

"Yes, over eight years an officer, most of which time was spent in beautiful British Columbia and the North-West."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Dartmouth, N.S."

"Have you been in Field or Social work?"

"Six years in Field, and two in Rescue work."

"Have you had any experience with children?"

"While in the Rescue work, my heart was touched for a number of children who seemed to need a friend, and I had a few of them gathered around me, as I had started a Children's Shelter, on a small scale, in Victoria, B.C., before I left for Toronto."

"What kind of children do you have in the Shelter?"

"All kinds, from the rolling-fat, good-natured baby, to the fretful, peevish, and unlovable child."

"What age do you take them in?"

"From six months to seven or eight years."

"Do you educate the children yourselves?"

"We send the older ones to school, and occasionally instruct the younger ones a few primary lessons that their little minds are capable of receiving."

"Do you see any results of real good, apart from their being cared for temporarily?"

"Yes; I believe their characters are very much improved by our simple teachings and training; for instance, I noticed one of our boys so much improved in his behaviour, I spoke to him about it, and wanted to know the reason why. He told me he had asked Jesus to make him good, and he said he believed. He had never thought of going to keep him good all the time now. Of course, this is only a slight example of our work among the little ones, and we shall never know how much good they have received until we meet them on the 'Other Shore.'"

"I suppose you have had a number adopted?"

"Yes, quite a number have been sent to good, comfortable Christian homes, while, if they had never been brought to us, they might have been left to grow up in vice and misery."

"Do you have much sickness in the Shelter?"

"Well, no, considering the number of children, and the poor constitutions some of them have. A number of our children are so healthy and robust looking as any children you could find anywhere—perfect little gems."

"Do you find it hard to provide for so many little mouths?"

"Well, the Lord is good; sometimes our faith is tested; but there are a few good, kind friends who don't forget the little waifs in the Shelter."

"I am from the Commandant's Jubilee Scheme, he intends to enlarge the work among the children?"

"Yes, and our faith and works shall help him to see it an accomplished fact. The number of applicants have been many; in a few days our Shelter will be more than full; but then you must remember we are moving, and we shall accommodate a much larger number."

"Mrs. Booth takes a deep interest in your work, does she not?"

"Yes, God bless her, her sympathies have been so true; whenever we need any help or advice, I always feel sure Mrs. Booth won't fail, and off I go and pour out my troubles, etc., and always come away inspired and made stronger for my work. The children all love the Commandant and dear Mrs. Booth for many, many reasons."

"How long have you been an officer in the Salvation Army, Captain Graham?"

"Seven years."

"Have you been in the Field or Social work?"

"I have been working for the last six years amongst the French Catholics in the Quebec Province."

"Do you like your present work as well as your other work?"

"It is altogether different in many ways, but as I felt I was in my right place there,

I feel just as much I am in my right place now; it is all God's work whether here or there."

"Did you volunteer for the Shelter, or were you just sent?"

"I volunteered for it. I thought it would be a most delightful place, and I have not been disappointed."

"How did you come to volunteer?"

"When the Lord showed me my work was finished for the time being. Among the French people He showed me the children's work was one of the grandest works, and I think if all people understood this, there would be better men and women in the world to-day."

"Do you ever have any trouble with the children?"

"Occasionally, of course children will be children, and we must expect to have something to put up with, but I consider our children are very good indeed compared with the generality of children."

"Are you perfectly satisfied?"

"Yes, whether it is to do any household duties, or caring for the children, or teaching them to fear the blessed name of Jesus, He Who takes such an interest in the little ones."

"Well, Lieutenant McCann, had you any experience in the work before coming here?"

"Well, none except what I had while on the 'Flying Squadron' tour."

"Oh, so you were one of those illustrious people that we read so much of in the War Cry? Did your experience in that trip benefit or prepare you in any way?"

"Yes; certain parties seemed to know quite a bit about the training of children, and had some remarkable ideas on that subject, of which they gave me the benefit."

"You seem to be quite happy, but do you think you will tire of the work?"

"I don't think I will, as long as I do it for God and His glory, and as long as He wants me in it, He will enable me to do it for Him."

"You're a blue-nose, are you not?"

"Yes, I hail from that beautiful country called Nova Scotia."

"Being your first experience, and so far away from home, do you not get homesick?"

"Well, we are so busy in the Shelter with the dear little ones that I scarcely have time to get homesick or homesick. I find each day that God does bless and help me, and my only desire I have is to work for Him and to help these poor little children."

"So, Cadet Pollett, I suppose you are a new beginner?"

"Yes, I have just been a month here."

"How do you like caring for these poor homeless waifs?"

"I like it splendid in every way."

"I have you ever been accustomed to children before?"

"Yes, I have had a little experience with them, but never cared much for children until I came here, and I fell in love with them right off."

"Did you volunteer for the children's work?"

"No, I applied for the Field, but for some reason was asked if I would come to the Children's Shelter."

"How did you like the idea of coming here?"

"I did not like it at all at first, but since I have come I think it is the best place on earth."

"Do you feel that the Lord blesses you spiritually?"

"Yes; I feel He is teaching me each day more about Himself. I feel I am in my right place, and all I do is for Him. Hallelujah!"

"Well, good-bye. May you prosper in your work, and may you train up all the little ones for God."

Riverside.—Meetings, both outside and in, interesting and inspiring; spiritually deep, edifying. FIVE souls stepped out to claim deliverance since last report. God is blessing us much.—CAPTAIN ANDREWS.

Fredericton.—We have been having some wonderful times here. One spiritual feature was a half-night of prayer, in which God came and blessed our souls, and we gave Him the glory for EIGHTEEN precious souls. Half-night of prayer, and an edifying service, with earnest hallelujahs have come and gone. Truly, we have had times that will not soon be forgotten. Attendance to all meetings was large. The Lord spoke to many souls. We are believing to see many of them coming to the Lord.

Our hallday tent received their commission on Tuesday night, when one of them said God-sent for his appointment, God-speed to him. So we believe, you are sure that they have left a mighty impression behind, making us more than ever encouraged to fight on, and altogether the better for their visit, also leaving forty-one souls rejoicing in being free.—LIEUTENANT DE COCK.

A CANDLE END.

"I'd bin drinkin' hard all that Sunday, an' on Monday it were 'leven o'clock afore I went straight enough to get to my work on the line; an' then it were a hard matter, but I knowed I'd got no wages if I didn't. At dinner time Mirrie came out her little basket, an' I said all out no nice for me by her, she said: 'You've about finished here, father; she said: 'trains can pass now can't they?' 'Yes, if they're a mind to, Mirrie,' I said. 'O father,' says she, 'mayn't I tell you what I've been learnin' about at school to-day?' My head were giddy, an' I didn't take it in what she said. Nor answer her, so Mirrie went on: 'It's about candles, father. We was candles. God made us full of light at first, but Satan put the light out. Then Jesus came, an' He in Him was light, you know. And He died on the Cross for us, an' now we can have the light, an' He shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life—new life, and life for always. And then we are to shine for Jesus, that other folks may see the light how it comes from the Cross, and find the Saviour, too. Father, you haven't lit your candle yet; won't you?' So earnestly she said it, and her blue eyes filled with tears. But her words filled me with a wild, mad rage. I swore, with a fierce oath, and an angry eye, that never again should she see the light to me, never again! I hardly knowed what I said, but I saw her just take up her basket an' turn away cryin'. I couldn't bear that. I followed her heavily and stupidly, an' tripped up by accident, an' lay like a load o' lead across the lines. Then she must have turned back and seen me, for I heard her come like the wind towards me with a terrible shriek. 'The train, father! the train!' I was dull and sleepy, but that shriek roused me. I was crawling away, when I felt a soft little hand pull me by the arm violently."

"I didn't feel or know nothin' more till I came to myself three days after—a bruised and broken man. Then I remembered something, and they told me the rest. Mirrie had heard a train coming round the corner from where she stood, and she saw me lyin' just in its way. Forgetting herself, she rushed back to save father. It was all done in a moment. A crushed little homeless heap was all they found of the brave little lass—she died to save me. And I was all bruised and unconscious, but alive. Her shriek had saved me from instant death; I had caught a bit of the way, and now I came on again. They had buried her before I came to. O my little lass, Mirrie! My brave little lass!"

"The next thing they told me was that I should never tread the green earth again—never! That it could be but a few weeks before I was laid by the side o' little Mirrie! I had begged of 'em to let me know all the truth, bits; but it was such a shock when I did know. I thought as I'd never done before. Well, now I've come to death's door, an' will soon be goin' through it, what'll I meet at the other side? All the way, an' below me, an' ahead, black life an' all. Heaps upon heaps o' sin as I'd clean forgot swept crowding through my mind, as they say things come to a drowin' man—in one dreadful flash. An' with 'em came all the thought—'You've seen little Mirrie now for the last time, There's no bridge over the gulf as separates you from her. You can never get her forgiveness on them cruel words her heart bleeds for. You are lost, an' she is safe—an' both for ever!' An' the thought stunned me. I daren't die—there was judgment. I daren't die—there was separation for allers from all I loved. I daren't die, an' I knew I couldn't live. Ah, what toin' days an' nights of agony them were! I daren't think, and yet I must think. I daren't sleep for fear never to wake again in this world."

"Now I must veil this awful time, and tell you how the good Lord ended it for me. 'In a lightning-flash like, one night, as my poor wife lay asleep beside me, worn out with a toidin', the words that Mirrie had said to repeat to me from Her little heart, came upon my mind about the candle it was—that last time when my anger scared the little lass away, an' she come back—to die for me! I minded then how she said that He died, the Lord Saviour, on the Cross for the world's sin—all the sin, an' set up a light then, so that whoever will may come an' light his candle there by believin' on Jesus an' trustin' Him; an' he shall have his sin forgiven him; and then he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. O, how well I remembered every word, an' I just felt it all for myself! I told Jesus had died to save my soul, just as Mirrie had died to save my body—the one seemed to throw

light on the other. I turned me to the wall an' prayed—yes, prayed!—for the first time an' I can remember. An' the words didn't seem strange, for they came as straight from my heart. 'O, Lord Jesus,' I said, 'I'm the poorest, vilest, miserable sinner that ever Thou didst see; but Thou rememberest! It was "whoever will," Lord, that could come an' have their sins forgiven, an' be made straight for heaven! I'm a poor candle, an' I want Thee to light me. An' I believe with all my heart that Thou hast died for me, Lord Saviour.'"

"After that the light did come, an' wonderful, an' brighter an' brighter; an' my heart grew so warm and happy, for I knew the Lord had forgiven my sins. An' I thank Him! When my wife awoke I told her all about it, first to last, and she was glad. She'd bin a Christian long enough herself it seemed, but she'd kep' her light hid under a bushel for fear o' what I should think. 'Now,' says I, 'Bessie, while I'm here you'll read me all about it, won't you? an' read me the Bible, an' what I don't read me the fifty-first Psalm; an' my heart said "yes," to every word of it. An' she was shuttin' the book a little place o' paper dropped out of it on to the floor. "Bessie," says I, 'what is it? It's the little lass's hand-writing.' "Ah, Steve," she says, with tears in her eyes, an' hands the scrap to me. This was written on it: "Please, dear Lord Jesus, it is my birthday to-day, and I want to ask Thee for a birthday present, to give father Thy salvation, and to make him a bright, shining candle. Lord! I'm glad how Thou hast died for him—He'd be glad to die myself, I think, and I got Jesus called to me, and meet me in heaven."

"O how that scrap o' paper went to my heart, an' the ink was blotted here an' there, as if she'd cried a little out—on her birthday, too! 'Wife,' I said, 'our Mirrie has got her birthday present now, hasn't she, though it's come a little late! Jesus'll be sure to let her know all about it. And I shall see my lassie again up there, an' tell her how I grieved over my last words to her."

"And now, mine, I want to shine for God. Such a poor bit of life I have left—only a candle-end, as it were—but I want it to be rich toward God. I got Bessie to call "Hallelujah." "Our Tom," "Gump," an' the rest o' my mates in last night to see me, an' I talked 'em all about what had come to me, an' begged of 'em not to leave the settlin' o' them chiefest things to the last as I did. There mightn't be time you know; some is took so sudden; an' then it's so much more beautiful to have a bit of life to give Him, isn't it, mine? They've touched a bit, I think. I saw 'Our Tom,' rub his hand across his eyes, an' find some to look at hard out of the window; an' the rest say: "We'll think on what you say, Steve."

"I've gotten' very weak now, mine. It can't be more nor a day or two now before the Lord calls for me. I should be glad to be home a night more for the Lord, but it can't be now. Mine's been a sad, wasted life, but He's very gracious. What joyous me is that in the city yonder, there'll be no need of candles, ye know, for there's no night there."

"That was all the dying navvy told me. Next time I passed the cottage the birds were down, and I knew that the peaceful spirit of the rosy navvy, her pure heart, the gate dead into the paradise of God—the candle-end, only lit at the last, but lit, thank God!"

"Darkest England" Workers.

BY ADJUTANT STERKSON, ENGLAND.

TOUR—Onward Christian soldiers.

Onward Social workers.

With your glorious theme.

Thousands now are happy

Through this noble scheme.

England's poorest people,

Thank the God of heaven,

For our noble General,

And the wisdom given.

GEORGE.

"Darkest England" workers,

On to victory go;

Hearts and homes make happy,

Where'er you go.

Onward with your Shelters,

For the homeless poor;

From the streets they gather

To your open door.

There they find the comfort,

Which they long have sought;

Gladly working for it,

When of each they're nought.

Onward with your workshops,

Elevating men;

Who through want of labor,

Long distressed have been.

Longingly you lift them,

By your system good;

And by your work bring them

To their Saviour, God.

Coming Events

MRS. BOOTH

Will visit the Forest City and conduct the opening of London New Church on Sunday and Monday, July 29th and 30th. She will be assisted by Brigadier and Mrs. Margate, Major Campbell, Adjutant Jones, and the Ladies and Provincial Staff. For full particulars see local announcements.

Mrs. Booth, assisted by the Provincial and District Staff, will conduct special meetings at the following places: London, Sunday and Monday, July 29th and 30th; Galt, Monday, August 6th; Berlin, Tuesday, August 13th; Stratford, Tuesday, August 14th; Strathroy, Friday, August 17th; Petrolia, Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th.

The Salvation Navy.—Part of Jubilee Scheme No. 45 has become an accomplished fact. The s.s. "William Booth" has been purchased, and will be christened and dedicated to the service of God and the Army at Toronto on Tuesday, July 21st, at the wharf between York and Yonge Streets, at 7:30 prompt, by the

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH,

assisted by all the Staff and Field Officers in the city. For further particulars see local announcements.

The Naval Brigade, under the Commandant, will visit Hamilton, August 1st; Cobourg, August 2nd; Niagara Falls, August 3rd; Toronto, August 4th and 5th. For further particulars see local announcements.

THE TORONTO PROVINCE.

Look this way, Brigadier and Mrs. de Harritz, assisted by Messrs. and Mrs. Trench, will conduct great Camp Meetings in Toronto Province on Tuesday, August 1st; Cobourg, August 2nd; Niagara Falls, August 3rd; Toronto, August 4th and 5th. A real war of wits will be arranged for, comprising musical meetings, holiness meetings, and salvation meetings, to wind up with a real candidates' boom. All candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Harritz. Buses and riding leads to the front. Tents for hire at reasonable rates.

Mineral "Simons" at the Temple, Toronto, Monday, July 29th, 6 p.m. Brigadier de Harritz, assisted by Messrs. Turner and city officers and corps. New music from the band; new songs and hymns of other new things. Excursion from Ferry Sound to Midland, August 2nd.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs will conduct Camp Meetings at Truro, July 27th to 30th. Brigadier Jacobs, District and Field Officers of Halifax, New Glasgow and Spring Hill will take part. Single fare from all stations on the I.C.R. Camp Meetings at Moncton, August 2nd to 5th. Brigadier Jacobs and District Officer will take part. Single fare from all I.C.R. stations.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

Fierce onslaughts, terrific encounters, desperate battles, cries for mercy, open-air maneuvers, happy marches, war, victory and glory. Major and Mrs. Hunt (Frontier) and District Officer will conduct special meetings at Edmonton, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The Major will be assisted by the District Officer, Mr. A.G.H. and Mrs. Archibald. Vancouver, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 1st, 2nd and 3rd; and 7th; Vancouver, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 3rd, 4th and 5th; Victoria, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 12th and 13th. The Major will bring with him a trunk of Army uniform and literature, and all candidates should make themselves known to either Mr. Hunt or the Major. This is important.

THE EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Adjutant Major's Tour.—Newwood, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 28th, 29th and 30th; Cambridge, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 31st and August 1st; Tweed, Thursday and Friday, August 2nd and 3rd; Belleville, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 4th, 5th and 6th; Deseronto, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 7th and 8th; Windsor, Thursday and Friday, August 9th and 10th; Windsor, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th.

Adjutant Major's Tour.—Fort Perry, Monday and Tuesday, July 29th and 30th; Fort Erie, Wednesday and Thursday, August 1st and 2nd; Unionville, Friday, August 3rd; Markham, Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th; Toronto, August 6th.

Captain Crook's Tour.—Wainwright, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 30th, 31st and August 1st; Drayton, Thursday and Friday, August 2nd and 3rd; Bothwell, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 4th, 5th and 6th; Strathroy, Tuesday, August 7th.

MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS.

General's Jubilee Number.

His Yoke is Easy. Jesus Lives. Take it all. Come, Holy Ghost. From the Regions of Woe. The Lord Will Provide You. We March Through the Land. That Beautiful Home. The Flag of the Free. Always Looking unto Jesus. Jesus Came My Ransom to be.—30 cents.

FIVE more German corps in the United States are to be opened in connection with the Jubilee Scheme.

The first month's special Jubilee fighting in India resulted as follows: Prisoners captured, 950; soldiers enrolled, 436; candidates received, 40. Fire a volley!

The wooden shanty at the South African Social Farm, which has done much excellent duty in the way of sheltering the shelterless, has gone. Staff-Captain Burfoot and his men raved it to the ground one Tuesday in order that the new building might spring up in its place. "Spring up" seems to be the correct term to use, for the new building is being got up with surprising rapidity.

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

Jesus, My Friend.

BY LIEUTENANT KEMP.

TUNE—Down in the garden. (B.J. 67.)

1 I've found a Friend so dear to me
A Friend that's always true,
Though rough and dark my path may be,
This Friend will help me through.

CHORUS.

Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine;
Oh, the blessed sweet communion,
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

I've found a Friend in trial's hour,
To help me with His love;
He'll help me with His wondrous power,
Till I reach my home above.

I've found a Friend that makes life bright,
He cheers me on my way;
Christ is this Friend, He is my light,
He is my strength to-day.

Have you this Friend to bear upon,
He waits to be your guide,
And all along through life's short stay
In Him you may abide.

The Old Chariot.

BY A. E. JEE, KENTVILLE, N.S.

TUNE—We'll roll the old chariot along.
(B.J. 62.)

2 This chariot of ours is not built of
wood and steel,
Faith and love, peace and joy are the spokes
in every wheel,
And the powers that roll it on are salvation,
fire, and zeal.

But we don't drag on behind.

CHORUS.

We'll roll the old chariot along, etc.

This chariot makes its trips from Hell's
mouth to Golden Gate,
Precious souls saved from sin are its pas-
sengers and freight;
If you want to get ahead swing your arm
and we will wait.

But don't drag on behind.

When the wheels are in a rut, and we're
almost standing still,
And the wise ones looking on say we're
sure to get a spill,
With our shoulders to the wheel we will
push it with a will,
But we won't drag on behind.

A Happy Crowd.

BY CAPTAIN W. E. CUMMINGS, GEORGETOWN,
P. E. I.

TUNE—Come in, my Lord, come in. (B.B.
27, B.J. 46.)

3 We are a happy crowd,
As it is plain to see,
You know our lives and characters,
And what we need to be.
Some of our soldiers have
Around the streets did go
In sin, and vice, and wretchedness,
And with bad rum o'erflow.

CHORUS.

But now the Lord has saved
Us from such lives of sin,
And we have love, and joy, and peace,
With Christ enthroned within.

And then those sisters three
Were proved I do declare;
In dress and worldliness, you know,
They all could do their share.
But God has saved their souls,
And now plain lives they live,
For what they were and what they are
To God they glory give.

2ND CHORUS.

The Lord He has come in,
He's made our hearts His home;
In sin, and worldliness, and pride,
No longer we will roam.

And can you wonder now
Why we should happy be,
When all our lives they have been
changed.
From what they used to be.
We form the ——— corps (insert name of
corps).
Of soldiers loyal, brave,
Who refuse the standard holiness
With victory o'er the grave.

Are You Saved?

BY W. LITCHFIELD, KINGSTON.

TUNE—Sweet by-and-bye. (B.J. 28.)

4 Oh, are you Christian I we ask,
Is your name in the Lamb's book
above?
In the sunlight of God do you bask?
Is your soul filled with goodness and
love?

CHORUS.

Are you saved? Are you saved?
If the Master should call you to-day
Are you saved? Are you saved?
Are the sins of your heart washed away?

Do you know what it is to be free
From all habits of vice, lust and sin?
Can the Lord looking down on you see
That your life has been made pure and
clean?

If the angel of death were to come
To the door of your chamber to-night,
Would you go to the Christian's bright
home,
Or be banished away from its light?

BY A. CALVERT, HANDEMAN.

TUNE—Annie, dear, good-bye (from the
Soudan song); or, Ground Salvation plan.
(B. J. 67.)

5 I'm a soldier on the battlefield,
I'm not afraid to die,
I mean to follow all the way
And raise the banner high;
Sins of years are washed away,
The past has been forgot,
For Jesus now I'll take my stand
Whatever may be my lot.

CHORUS:

For Jesus now I fight,
For Jesus now I fight,
Sins of years are washed away,
For Jesus now I fight.

CHORUS TO "GRAND SALVATION PLAN."

For Jesus now I mean to fight,
For Jesus now I fight,
My sins have all been washed away,
For Jesus now I fight.

By our Commandant we are led,
Our dear old General's son,
Who in the past hard fight has seen
But has the victory won;
Sometimes the death seems dreary,
Sometimes the way is lone,
But by His grace I'm pressing on,
For God's will must be done.

Oh, sinner, just a word to you,
The time is drawing nigh
When very soon you will appear
Before the Throne on high;
You'll hear the Judge pronounce that
word.

That awful word "Depart!"
And you will then be turned away
To hell, where all is dark.

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
He will not say you nay,
He's promised that He'll never
Turn a sinner back away;
Your sins will be forgiven,
The blood will be applied,
And you will go to heaven,
If you in Him abide.

Trusting.

BY MINN PARKINSON, P. E. I.

TUNE—Oh, what shall the harvest be?

6 Trusting in Jesus for all we need,
Trusting in Jesus to make us quite
whole;
Trusting in Jesus when all seems dark,
Trusting in Jesus when all is bright.

CHORUS.

Oh, what shall the harvest be? (Repeat)

Trusting in Jesus to drive back fear,
Trusting in Jesus when Satan's near;
Trusting in Jesus when friends do fear,
Trusting in Jesus when friends are near.

Trusting in Jesus to save from sin,
Trusting in Jesus to keep me clean;
Trusting in Jesus when tempted sore,
Trusting in Jesus for grace each hour.

Trusting in Jesus to keep me right,
Trusting in Jesus with all my might;
Trusting in Jesus we're naught to fear,
If He should come this very hour.

Time is Short.

BY SERGEANT JEREMY LIDSTON, ST. JOHN'S,
N. F.

TUNE—God is near Thee. (B.J. 68.)

7 Sinner, your time is swiftly passing,
Soon you'll be called to meet your
God;
How will you meet your blessed Saviour
When the broad road you have trod!

CHORUS.

God is near thee, tell thy story, etc.

Now, sinner, turn and seek your Saviour,
In words of love He's calling thee;
No longer spurn His offered mercy,
Come now to Him and be set free.

No longer waste your time and talents,
In sin and shame the past has been;
To-night may seal your doom for ever,
Come now to Christ, forsake your sin.

Fight and Win.

BY "THORNTON," STRATFORD.

TUNE—Shout aloud salvation, boys.

8 We are Salvation soldiers,
As happy as can be;
We're not afraid to own our Lord,
Who set our spirits free.
Who gave us life, and joy, and peace,
And glorious liberty,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

CHORUS.

Amen, Amen! Salvation soldiers cry;
Amen, Amen! re-echoes through the sky;
We'll fight and win, and ne'er give in,
We conquer if we die,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

Some people say it's very wrong
To march about and sing;
But we do it for the glory
Of our gracious, Heavenly King.
And tell the world of Jesus' blood,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

And when we get a glory-shall,
They tell us we are mad;
They say religious folks
Should always look so very sad.
But since the Lord has set us free,
We shout when we are glad,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

"HULLO!"

(AN AMERICAN SOCIAL BALLAD.)

When you see a man in woe
Walk right up and say, "Hello!"
Say, "Hello," say, "How d'ye do!"
How's the world a-ain' you?
Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring yer ha' down with a smack,
Walk right up and say, "Hello!"

In he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up and say, "Hello!"
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Just for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Bake an' hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say, "Hello!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute an' sail away,
Just the same with you an' me,
Looms ships upon the sea,
Each one has yer own job,
For a port beyond the fog;
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry, "Hello!"

Say, "Hello," and, "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you;
When ye leave yer home of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away,
When you travel through the strange
Country 'tween the side the range,
Then the souls yer've rescued will know
Who you be, an' say, "Hello!"

—From the South American Salvation
Army Social Journal.

Picton.—Well, how-do-you-do, War Cry!
You have not heard from me for quite a long
time. Being so busy has been the cause of
neglect. After going through hospitals and
Floral Services, and Councils, and pinnies, and
special meetings of all kinds, and having so
Constantly thank God, I am nicely and
from all hallidays, and now order have
come to befall from this beautiful town,
Picton. It is not the beautiful house or the
beautiful scenery, but it is the beauty of the
people which cause one to admire this town.
Although the scenery is grand, this is the
spot for tourists. We thank God, we have
seen quite a number of souls saved, and this
is the purpose for which we live. Thank God!
—Captain H. Q. KENDALL.